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JESSIE CAMERON.

BY MISS ROSSETTI.

"Jessie, Jessie Cameron,
Hear me but this once," quoth he.
"Good luck go with you, neighbor's son,
But I'm no mate for you," quoth she.
Day was verging toward the night
There beside the moaning sea,
Dimness overtook the light
There where the breakers be.
"O Jessie, Jessie Cameron,
I have loved you long and true." —
"Good luck go with you, neighbor's son,
But I'm no mate for you."

She was a careless, fearless girl,
And made her answer plain;
Outspoken she to earl or churl,
Kind-hearted in the main,
But somewhat heedless with her tongue,
And apt at causing pain;
A mirthful maiden she and young,
Most fair for bliss or bane.
"O, long ago I told you so,
I tell you so to-day:
Go you your way, and let me go
Just my own free way."

The sea swept in with moan and foam,
Quickening the stretch of sand;
They stood almost in sight of home;
He strove to take her hand.
"O, can't you take your answer then,
And won't you understand?
For me you're not the man of men,
I've other plans are planned.
You're good for Madge, or good for Cis,
Or good for Kate, may be:
But what's to me the good of this
While you're not good for me?"

They stood together on the beach,
They two alone,
And louder waxed his urgent speech,
His patience almost gone:
"O, say but one kind word to me,
Jessie, Jessie Cameron." —
"I'd be too proud to beg," quoth she,
And pride was in her tone.
And pride was in her lifted head,
And in her angry eye,
And in her foot, which might have fled,
But would not fly.

Some say that he had gipsy blood,
That in his heart was guile:
Yet he had gone through fire and flood
Only to win her smile.
Some say his grandam was a witch,
A black witch from beyond the Nile,
Who kept an image in a niche
And talked with it the while.
And by her hut far down the lane
Some say they would not pass at night,
Lest they should hear an unkind strain
Or see an unkind sight.

Alas, for Jessie Cameron! —

The sea crept moaning, moaning nigher:
She should have hastened to be gone, —
The sea swept higher, breaking by her:
She should have hastened to her home
While yet the west was flushed with fire,
But now her feet are in the foam,
The sea-foam, sweeping higher.
O mother, linger at your door,
And light your lamp to make it plain,
But Jessie she comes home no more,
No more again.

They stood together on the strand,
They only, each by each;
Home, her home, was close at hand,
Utterly out of reach.
Her mother in the chimney nook
Heard a startled sea-gull screech,
But never turned her head to look
Towards the darkening beach;
Neighbors here and neighbors there
Heard one scream, as if a bird
Shrilly screaming cleft the air: —
That was all they heard.

Jessie she comes home no more,
Comes home never;
Her lover's step sounds at his door
No more forever.
And boats may search upon the sea
And search along the river,
But none know where the bodies be:
Sea-winds that shiver,
Sea-birds that breast the blast,
Sea-waves swelling,
Keep the secret first and last
Of their dwelling.

Whether the tide so hemmed them round
With its pitiless flow,
That when they would have gone they found
No way to go;
Whether she scorned him to the last
With words flung to and fro,
Or clung to him when hope was past,
None will ever know:
Whether he helped or hindered her,
Threw up his life or lost it well,
The troubled sea, for all its stir,
Finds no voice to tell.

Only watchers by the dying
Have thought they heard one pray,
Wordless, urgent; and replying,
One seem to say him nay;
And watchers by the dead have heard
A windy swell from miles away,
With sobs and screams, but not a word
Distinct for them to say:
And watchers out at sea have caught
Glimpse of a pale gleam here or there,
Come and gone as quick as thought,
Which might be hand or hair.

From the Contemporary Review.

MR. KEBLE AND THE "CHRISTIAN YEAR."

The Christian Year. Eightieth Edition. Oxford: Parker. 1860.

The Psalter in English Verse. Oxford: Parker. 1859.

Lyra Innocentium. Eighth Edition. Oxford: Parker. 1860.

Prælectiones Academicæ. Oxonii habitæ. Oxonii: J. H. Parker. 1844.

Sermons Academicæ and Occasional. By the Rev. JOHN KEBLE. Oxford. 1848.

Hooker's Works. A New Edition. By the Rev. JOHN KEBLE. Oxford. 1836.

The Life of Thomas Wilson, D.D., Lord Bishop of Sodor and Man. By the Rev. JOHN KEBLE. Oxford. 1863.

If we may judge by the unexampled diffusion of the "Christian Year" among the more thoughtful class of readers, there must have been many to whom the announcement of the death of one whose name had long been a household word in their ears, will have caused that "strange thrill of pain not unmingled with pleasure," which the biographer of the wisest of the heathen describes as the natural feeling on the close of a good man's life. Few men have done the task which was given them to do more thoroughly than Mr. Keble, or have more completely, though no doubt unconsciously, realized the ideal at which he aimed: and though our first thought may be one of sadness that—

"The silver trumpet's sound is still,
The warder silent on the hill,"—

yet it is in all ways more consonant to the life and death of such a man to feel, that "when he had served his generation, he fell on sleep," and that he, if any man, may surely be believed "to have entered on his rest," and his works "follow him."

In any ordinary case, we should take some shame to ourselves for beginning our paper in what would be usually a tone of very inappropriate solemnity; but in speaking of a man whose peculiar gifts were such transparent simplicity and holiness of character, we are inclined at first to deprecate the function of a critic, and to give free expression to the higher feelings of admiration and gratitude. The difficulty of criticism is moreover increased in a case where these inner gifts coloured the whole man as well as the whole character of his writings; so that, as Sir John Coleridge

very naturally remarks, in the touching sketch which he has given us of his friend, we can scarcely feel even his poetry to be a proper subject for literary criticism, and neither the time nor the materials are ready for a full estimate of his life. Still, on the other hand, there would be something almost unbecoming in passing over without notice the life of a man who has occupied a place almost unique in the Church of England, and one to which his own modesty gave a more than double dignity,—*eo ipso præfulgebatur quia non visebatur.* And when we consider not merely the debt which a country owes to its poets, and the manner in which he has called forth and directed the best feelings of his age, but also the fact that he has been long looked up to as a kind of presiding genius over one of the most powerful movements which the Church of England has ever known, we venture to hope we may be justified, in anticipation of a worthier record, in setting before our readers a brief and imperfect estimate of his writings, and of the part, in many respects peculiar, which he was called to play among various and at times dissimilar companions.

Mr. Keble's life, like that of so many poets, may indeed appear at first sight to have been singularly uneventful. But it was not so in reality. The great author of the "Apologia," in words which we shall presently quote more fully, has spoken of him in terms which show that unconsciously he exercised a constant influence over those who themselves more directly influenced others; while there is a great interest, at the very outset, in the fact that he bore a part in two great movements of the English mind (though he was no doubt far more closely connected with one than with the other), each of which arose in the University which he so dearly loved, and which, though apparently dissimilar, had in reality many great thoughts in common, so that the one was the very natural precursor of the other;—we allude, of course, to what are called the "Oriel school," and the "Tractarian party." He began life as the cherished friend of Arnold and the companion of Whately; he ended it as in a closer sense the fellow-labourer of Dr. Pusey—we would gladly add Dr. Newman. He was himself, however, born and bred, what he continued to be through life, a devoted English Churchman. His father was rector of Coln St. Aldwyn, in Gloucestershire, but resided, after the manner of the last century, some three miles from his living at Fairford, where John Keble, his second

child, was born in 1792; and he must have been a man of no common power, for he not only gave his son an early training which sent him a promising scholar to Corpus at fourteen, and helped him to attain at eighteen a success which we believe has never since been equalled for its precocious ability, but he inspired him with a profound filial veneration, which, as we have heard one of his greatest contemporaries half regretfully remark, almost prevented him from ever allowing himself to question any principle or opinion of his early teaching. At the age of nineteen he gained what was then the Blue Ribbon of the University, an Oriel Fellowship, and came in contact with the set of men to whom we have just referred, who may be called the literary, if not the theological, parents of modern Oxford, and who will be long remembered as the second founders of her intellectual life: "they were the first who ever burst into that frozen sea" which seemed to have closed in upon the University for the greater part of the eighteenth century. The young Keble added to his distinctions by obtaining in the next year both the Latin and English essays (Dr. Milman, we believe, is the only person who has ever carried off all the four); he was made Examiner in the schools at a time when his modesty must have been severely tried by plucking many who were his seniors; in a word, he was marked as one who could scarcely have avoided having greatness thrust upon him, if he had not been more than insensible to "that last infirmity of noble minds." This unworldly humility was undoubtedly in Mr. Keble *κόσμος τῶν ἀρετῶν*; and though we are not indisposed to say a good word for that wish "to do some noble deed before we die," which inspires men "to scorn delights and live laborious days;" though something of such high ambition is traceable in the energy of Mr. Keble's greatest fellow-workers, we willingly acknowledge that there is a beauty in the unambitious character higher than in any other, where it is really an example (in his own words) of "a soul that seems to dwell above this earth."

It may not be out of place here to allude to that curious stagnation of Oxford for most of the last century which was perhaps due to the lingering Jacobitism which Hearn the antiquary has amusingly described, and which was far from extinct in Keble's earlier days. Nothing can be scantier than the "Memorials of Oxford" in the last part of the eighteenth century. There were indeed the now forgotten works

of Dr. Humphry Hody, a man of real learning, and an honour to Wadham; later there were Wharton's books; and far greater, there were Lowth's "Prelections;" but these were mostly for the earlier period, and of the last fifty years of the century it may certainly be said, —

"Ad nos vix tenius farnæ perblabitur aura."

Towards the end, indeed, Elmsley was beginning to redeem its character for scholarship, but it produced no single name in theology or general literature, and even of its preachers we have often searched in vain for any record. The functions of University Preacher seem indeed to have been chiefly delegated to what were called "hacks," one of whom earned a great reputation by a sermon addressed to the country gentlemen and clergy, on the subject of "Abraham regarded as a country gentleman;" while another's renown is still kept alive by an attack, not the last of its kind, on German theology, which concluded with a wish that "all the German books were at the bottom of the German Ocean." This spirit was not quite extinct in later days, and many will remember a famous sermon on the study of Greek, which declared that the proof of Christianity would have been incomplete if "the adversative force of the particle *ἐνάντιον* had not been happily balanced by the intensive force of the particle *καί*," and which (according to the undergraduate version of it), summed up by an account of the glories of the Greek tongue, "certainly in this world, and not improbably in the next." Dr. Newman's amusing account of Dr. Whately's practical joke in inviting him to dine with all the "two bottle orthodox," may help us to fill up the picture of a now extinct Oxford generation. University life at the end of the last century was something like the clerical life which Miss Austin describes in some of her novels — the easy-going, "good old days of George the Third," which "Adam Bede" and "Silas Marner" so exactly reproduce.

This old régime was beginning slowly and reluctantly to break up when "the Oriel school" — which entirely owed its origin to the fact that Oriel was the only college with open Fellowships, and thus drew into one focus nearly all the life and fire of the University, — naturally became the head of the movement, made Oxford once more famous, and gave a reality to the old adage, "Cum pugnant Oxonienses, volat ira per Angligenenses." One of its first trials of arms was in the encounter of its two lead-

ing tutors, Copleston and Davison, with the *Edinburgh Review*; and the same men were already active in theological speculations, though Davison's "Prophecy," and his famous pamphlet on "Sacrifice and Atonement," which spread terror through the Evangelical party, were published much later. Its chief members were Copleston, Davison, Whately, Hawkins, Keble, Arnold—for Dr. Pusey and Dr. Newman and Mr. Hurrell Froude, the last a great but somewhat eccentric genius, had not yet appeared; and academically the first five or six of these men were certainly remarkable for having showed, what has never been done since, nor probably will be again, how much can be effected by a body of men with great energy, and who, in spite of considerable differences, were united in the same leading ideas. It may seem paradoxical to connect them with the later Oxford movement, or even to speak of them as in any sense united in the same school of thought; for Mr. Keble in particular was a man essentially *sui generis*, a Tory of the Tories, in the midst of a party chiefly Liberal; and we can well believe, as Sir J. Coleridge tells us, that he often sighed, amongst his new and more disputatious friends, for the quieter society at Corpus. He was indeed in some respects a curious contrast to most of his more stirring companions; for he was of all men the most unambitious, a poet by temperament, "contented if he might enjoy the things which others understand," loving and entirely believing in his Ideal of past goodness and greatness, "the Church of Charles I. and the Non-jurors," and while endowed with the greatest powers of thought, possessed equally with an almost excessive dread of any inquiry which might lead beyond the bounds of soberness and reverence,—one whose every feeling was,—

"Put off thy shoes from off thy feet;
The place where man his God may meet,
Be sure is holy ground."

Dr. Whately we believe used to speak of him as "the caged eagle;" so that while Whately and Copleston were frightening men by their speculations, ("Isn't Whately at the bottom of it all?" said a Northamptonshire rector to Newman, on the first appearance of the "Tracts for the Times"), while Newman was still a heretic, and Arnold quiet indeed, but brimful of schemes for Church and State, Keble himself had as yet made no sign, was writing from time to time bits of the "Christian year," but resisting the wish of his friends to publish

them, "till he was himself out of the way," and devoting himself partly to his college duties and partly to the work, which he held to be simplest and best, the life of a plain "country parson." And yet, at that time at least, Keble and Arnold, Davison and Whately, were all in one sense of the same school, and their minds had been early imbued with the same leading ideas, which, however different their later directions, had sprung from one parent source;—

"They stood apart, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs that had been rent asunder.
A dreary sea now flows between;
But neither heat, nor storm, nor thunder,
Shall ever do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once has been."

Dr. Newman's "Apologia" helps us best to understand the direct influence which the earlier school of thought, or rather perhaps this general aspect of the time, had upon himself and his companions. Just twenty-five years ago, when he was defending "No. XC.," he described these common sympathies by saying that there long had been a progress in the English mind "towards something deeper and truer than satisfied the last century," and he cited the works of Scott, Wordsworth, and Coleridge, as well as those of Alexander Knox, and Irving, in proof of his assertion. It was partly, indeed, the same current of thought in England which had recently been setting so strong in Germany, in Novalis, the two Schlegels, and even in Goethe,—the reaction from a hard materialism to what may be called the romantic in literature, and to spiritualism, or a strong sense of the supernatural, in religion. In England it was first felt through the influence of Coleridge, who was the great prophet of his time, and whose whole teaching tended to what may be called a rehabilitation of religious truth on a mixed basis of Catholicism and Neology. Most of the Oriel school were men of too little poetry to be much affected by him, but Arnold and Keble had been indoctrinated by Sir J. Coleridge, at Corpus, with a strong love of the poems both of Wordsworth and Coleridge, and Keble always held Wordsworth and Scott to be in their way "witnesses to Catholic truth," though he had little taste for the dreamy speculations of Coleridge. But the writers who really formed the minds of this Oxford generation, and who fell in entirely with the influence we have just spoken of, were Aristotle and Bishop Butler. Of the wonderful power which Aristotle has always exercised over

Christian theology, this is not the place to speak; but it is plain that to Butler are distinctly due, not only those arguments from Analogy and probability which are the very soul of Newman's and Keble's writings, but also that strong sense of the importance of the visible Christian Church, which recent theology had forgotten, and which became a cardinal point not only with these writers, but with men who worked it out so differently as Arnold and Whately. Every one knows that the thought which to the last filled the imagination of Arnold was his longing for the restoration of what he had imagined for himself as the perfect Christian Church; and though it may be said that this was a mere dream, yet the very idea that Christ came to found a Church not less than to teach a religion, must largely affect a man's whole habits of thought, as may be seen in some of the most remarkable passages of the last great original work upon theology, "Ecce Homo." In this sense, then, we hold that the earlier school of thinkers with whom Mr. Keble was connected, was in some important points the precursor of the later one; and before following him farther, let us endeavour to fortify our statements, and at the same time to describe some of his earliest companions, by one or two of the lively sketches of the "Apologia." Take the leading Oxford man for twenty years, Dr. Whately. Mr. Newman says, —

"I owe him a great deal: he was a man of generous and warm heart. He was particularly loyal to his friends, and to use the common phrase, 'all his geese were swans.' While I was still awkward and timid, in 1822, he took me by the hand and acted the part to me of a gentle and encouraging instructor. He emphatically opened my mind, and taught me to think and to use my reason. . . . What he did for me in point of religious opinion, was first to teach me the existence of the Church as a substantive body or corporation, next to fix in me those anti-Erastian views of Church polity which were one of the most prominent features of the Tractarian movement. On this point, and on this alone, he and Harrell Froude intimately sympathized; and in the year 1826, in the course of a walk, he said to me much about a work then just published, called 'Letters on the Church, by an Episcopalian.' He said that it would make my blood boil. It was certainly a most powerful composition. It was ascribed at once to Whately. I gave eager expression to the contrary opinion; but I found the belief of Oxford in the affirmative to be too strong for me, and I have never heard, then or since, of any disclaimer of authorship on the part of Dr. Whately." — *Apologia*, p. 70.

Or again, take the following account of the impression made on so gifted a mind by Mr. Keble himself: —

"The true and primary object of this movement, however, as is usual with great motive powers, was out of sight. Having carried off, as a mere boy, the highest honours of the University, he had turned from the admiration which haunted his steps, and sought for a better and holier satisfaction in pastoral work in the country. Need I say that I am speaking of John Keble? The first time that I was in a room with him was on occasion of my election to a Fellowship at Oriel, when I was sent for into the Tower, to shake hands with the Provost and Fellows. How is that hour fixed in my memory, after the changes of forty-two years — forty-two this very day on which I write! I have lately had a letter in my hands which I sent at the time to my great friend John Bowden. I had to hasten to the Tower, I say to him, to receive the congratulations of all the Fellows. I bore it till Keble took my hand, and then felt so abashed and unworthy of the honour done to me, that I seemed desirous of quite sinking into the ground. His had been the first name which I had heard spoken of, with reverence rather than admiration, when I came up to Oxford. When one day I was walking in High Street, with my dear earliest friend just mentioned, with what eagerness did he cry out, 'There's Keble!' and with what awe did I look at him! Then, at another time, I heard a master of arts of my college give an account how he had just then had occasion to introduce himself on some business to Keble, and how gentle, courteous, and unaffected Keble had been, so as almost to put him out of countenance. Then, too, it was reported, truly or falsely, how a rising man of brilliant reputation, — the present Dean of St. Paul's, Dr. Milman, — admired and loved him, adding that, somehow, he was unlike any one else. However, at the time when I was elected Fellow of Oriel he was not in residence, and he was shy of me for years in consequence of the marks which I bore upon me of the Evangelical and Liberal schools."

This passage may be taken as an expression of the earlier periods of Mr. Keble's life. The publication of the "Christian Year" a few years later, was, in some respects, though unintentionally, its turning-point to himself and others; and though he was now solely occupying himself on the laborious and excellent edition of Hooker, which will so long connect his name with that strongly Catholic, but no less strongly Erastian, divine, the thickening plot soon forced him into a position which he was the last of all men to covet, that of a party leader; for soon after 1830 the new Oriel school began to define its position more dis-

tingly. "Whately," says Dr. Newman, "an acute man, saw around me the signs of an incipient party of which I was not conscious myself;" and the removal of Whately's great ability and influence from Oxford undoubtedly facilitated their designs. They consisted chiefly of Dr. Newman, Dr. Pusey, and one who was in some respects the most important of all, Mr. Hurrell Froude, who had a kind of reckless enthusiasm which never suffered his friends to halt, and who, as the intimate both of Newman and Keble, held something like the place of Themistocles' child—"he ruled them, and they Oxford." So intimate a pupil of Mr. Keble may be entitled here to a short notice, for he was indeed a man of a high and attractive character, cast in the Xavier and Ignatius mould,—and one of those have often appeared in the early stages of great religious movements:—

"Hurrell Froude was a pupil of Keble's, formed by him, and in turn reacting upon him. He was a man of the highest gifts, so truly many-sided that it would be presumptuous in me to attempt to describe him, except under those aspects in which he came before me. Nor have I here to speak of his gentleness and tenderness of nature, the free, elastic force and graceful versatility of his mind, the patient, winning considerateness in discussion. . . . I speak of Hurrell Froude in his intellectual aspect, as a man of high genius, brim full and overflowing with ideas and views, in him original, which were too many and too strong even for his bodily strength, and which crowded and jostled with each other in their attempt after distinct shape and expression. And he had an intellect as critical and logical as it was speculative and bold. . . . His opinions arrested and influenced me, even when they did not gain my assent. He professed openly his admiration of the Church of Rome, and his hatred of the Reformers. He delighted in the notion of an hierarchical system, and of full ecclesiastical liberty. He felt scorn of the maxim, 'The Bible, and the Bible only, is the religion of Protestants'; and he gloried in accepting tradition as a main instrument of religious teaching. . . . He seemed not to understand my difficulties. *His were of a different kind, the contrariety between theory and fact. He was a high Tory of the Cavalier stamp, and was disgusted with the Toryism of the opponents of the Reform Bill.*"

We should be most unwilling to introduce a vestige of party or politics into this notice; but these last words are a key to that vehement "Cavalier Toryism" of the earlier days of the movement, which was something in the temper of Mr. Keble, and which naturally, though we think unfortunately, coloured its earlier history. Mr.

Newman indeed, as we have seen above, "bore about him for years the marks of the Liberal school;" and we must be pardoned for thinking, in spite of his vehement disclaimers, that some of them cling to him still. With him it was always the Church of the Fathers, or of the Middle Ages, or even the Church of the People. Mr. Keble would certainly never have excluded the latter idea, but still it was almost more "the Church of England" alone, the Church of England in its palmy and Catholic days indeed (whenever that might be), but still the Church which, in spite of many shortcomings, was the parent of the Hookers, and Herberts, and Kens. To this contrast between the two men we owe, in some degree, the loss of the one and the preservation of the other. When Newman's hardly achieved ideal of the Non-jurors failed him he had nothing to fall back upon. Keble never lost it. Regrets he may have had; some gentle indignation at the turn things were taking in Church and State; but we are sure that he remained "thorough" in his devotion to the Church to the end, and always too, we suspect, a Cavalier of the Hammond and Sanderson stamp. And although we hold the early "anti-liberalism" of Mr. Keble and his friends to have injured them in some respects, we can neither be surprised at it nor wholly regret it. We cannot regret it, for it gave to their movement two of its noblest features—its entire disinterestedness and its genuine unworldly enthusiasm. It was, in its leaders at least, the boldest effort to realize a high ideal which the Church of England has ever known, and it nobly redeemed it from the old charge of being the child of regal and aristocratical corruption, which is too applicable to many of the Churchmen of Henry, and Elizabeth, and Charles. Nor, again, can we feel surprised, when we remember the anxiety with which the unfortunate alliance of the Liberal party with Dissent, and even infidelity, inspired Arnold;—"I am afraid," he says more than once, "that the Infidels are making a cat's-paw of Dissent;"—and it was in the same spirit that a man so moderate as Davison entitled one of his pamphlets, "A Dialogue between a Christian and a Reformer." In his last days Mr. Keble could number some of the ablest of the Liberal party amongst his most devoted friends; and we may be pardoned for recalling with pleasure his enthusiastic adherence to Mr. Gladstone; but in 1833 he knew them only as the abettors of Dissent, the "subverters of Irish bishopricks!"

The immediate cause of the movement

of 1833 was indeed, as often happens in an excited state of men's minds, a strangely trivial one. It was the suppression of a certain number of the Irish sees, a measure carried, as well as we remember, by Mr. Stanley, now Lord Derby, and one on which most Churchmen will reflect with feelings of unmixed satisfaction. It was followed immediately by Mr. Keble's then famous sermon on "National Apostasy," and soon after by a more solemn "league and covenant," which issued in the "Tracts for the Times." Mr. Newman gives a graphic account of the first of these events. He had been travelling abroad, and after an illness which nearly carried him off in Sicily, he was hurrying home to join in the coming crusade. He says,—

"At length I got to Marseilles, and set off for England. The fatigue of travelling was too much for me and I was laid up for several days at Lyons. At last I got off again, and did not stop, night or day, till I reached England at my mother's house. This was on the Tuesday. The following Sunday, July 14, Mr. Keble preached the Assize sermon in the University pulpit. It was published, under the title of "National Apostasy." I have ever considered and kept the day as the start of the religious movement of 1833."

At this point we must abruptly close our personal sketch of Mr. Keble. Though far from uninteresting, the remainder of it was comparatively retired and uneventful. He was now about forty years of age; and we may venture to say that in the "Christian Year," and the "start of the religious movement," he had done the two great works of his life. We are quite aware that it may be said of our imperfect outline, that we have described Mr. Keble's friends more than himself, but this must to a great extent be true of any one so retiring; and we will gladly plead guilty to the charge if we have been able to reproduce, with any truth, the circumstances which called forth, rather than formed, a character so original that it may be best described as self-taught. Wordsworth's words were, indeed, never more applicable to any man:—

"Nature, for a favourite child,
In him had tempered so its clay,"—

(We must add, as his special characteristic,)—

"That every hour his heart ran wild,
Yet never once did go astray."

Soon after this time—in 1835—he married,

and settled in the position which he certainly preferred to all others, a living in the country, the gift and in the close neighbourhood of one of his dearest friends, Sir William Heathcote; and the remainder of his life has been described as "belonging to the controversies of the time." This seems to us a misnomer. No man was by nature less of a controversialist; and though he was always reproaching himself when his friends had to bear the brunt of the battle, and was constantly rushing into the fray, as at the time of the "No. XC." controversy, with the feeling of "Me, me, adsum qui feci," yet it is singular that a man who felt so keenly should have been so little looked upon as a polemic. Important sermons and pamphlets might indeed be named, such as those on "Primitive Tradition" and the "Eucharistic Sacrifice," and especially a volume of University Sermons, full of weighty thoughts, and entirely written in the spirit of his great teacher, Bishop Butler. But nature had made him a poet, and such he remained to the end; and without doubting that he had a powerful theological mind, he was still, to use one of his own expressions, in a *primary* sense a poet, only in a *secondary* one a theologian. We can well believe that his true delight was in his translation of the Psalms, in the poems contributed to the "Lyra Apostolica," in the life of his great model, Bishop Wilson, and in that which was a real labour of love with him, the "Lyra Innocentium." "His natural affections," says Sir John Coleridge, "gave clearness and intensity to his belief: the fondest mother never loved children more dearly than this childless man." With great beauty, there is yet visible in all his later poems something of what he himself complained of long before:—"My poetical powers, such as they are, grow stiffer every day;" and when the last was published, he must have been close upon what Johnson calls, in his Life of Waller, "the fatal year of fifty-five." His real work was the "Christian Year;" and the peculiar character of this we shall now attempt to trace, as the natural summary of his life.

If we were asked to assign in few words the causes of the great power which the "Christian Year" has exercised over such different classes of readers, we should say that Mr. Keble has done for religious poetry what Wordsworth did for poetry in general. First, he has shown us, what many were beginning to doubt, that poetry is a requirement, or at all events a high enjoyment, of the religious mind; and secondly, that it is limited to no one class of feelings, or lan-

guage, or doctrines. Writing himself under the influence of a distinctly theological and orthodox spirit, he has yet understood the still higher art of touching those springs of moral and religious feeling which lie deep in the hearts of all good Christians, whatever their creed; and in the temper of a higher Master he has made everything in nature, — the flowers of the field, our homes and paths, the very "murky lanes" of our cities, — dear to the religious heart. It is this simplicity and reality which has made him the favourite, as Wordsworth became, of all thoughtful and cultivated minds, and emphatically the religious poet of the age. Men of the most opposite convictions have drawn an almost daily inspiration from his writings; and he has been the teacher, the domestic companion, almost the religious philosopher, alike of Arnold, of Newman, and of Robertson.

This singular influence has been partly due to two causes, on which it may be well to say a few words before speaking of the "Christian Year" itself. First, he has been more in harmony than is common in religious poets with the poetical spirit of his age; secondly, he has given more simplicity and reality to religious poetry.

First, we will not say that "The Christian Year" is an echo of, but it is entirely consonant with, the habit of mind which was created by the great poets of the last generation — by Wordsworth, Scott, Coleridge, and even Byron and Shelley. This is not the time for discussing that complete revolution in the language and objects with which poetry has to do, which the simple words of Mr. Wordsworth's Preface to the "Lyrical Ballads," — "Poetry is but the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings," — and still more the power and nature of his early poems, inaugurated rather than created. It is enough to say here, that the one universal and almost absorbing feeling which runs through all the poets of that generation is an intense and affectionate love of nature, and a desire to find, in her outward aspect, something of sympathy and solace for the inward workings of the heart. Assuredly such a feeling is not necessarily a religious one. With Byron its miserable moral is always, —

"Hear me, my mother Earth, behold it, Heaven,
Have I not had to wrestle with my lot?
Have I not suffered things to be forgiven?" —

with Shelley it is generally, —

"Oh, happy Earth, reality of Heaven!" —

and even in Wordsworth the passionate invocations to Nature, "the being that is in the fields and air, that is in the green leaves among the woods," are very different from Keble's ever-present consciousness "of One unseen, yet ever nigh." Still, such poetry, if it was not exactly "a voice from the inner shrine," was full of what Wordsworth called "obstinate questionings of sense and outward things;" it was "the blank misgiving of a creature moving about in worlds not realized;" it had much of that deep but vague religious feeling which Coleridge has expressed so beautifully in his "Ode on Dejection," —

"Oh, lady, we receive but what we give;
And in our life alone does Nature live:
Ours is her wedding garment, ours her shroud.
And would we ought of higher birth behold
Than that inanimate cold world allowed
To the poor, anxious, ever-restless crowd?
Oh, from the soul itself must issue forth
A light, a glory, a fair, luminous cloud
Enveloping the earth."

Now no religious poet has ever more completely caught this spirit of a passionate love for nature than Keble, and in this sense he was the true child of the nineteenth century. In the whole religious poetry of the previous generation we doubt whether there is a single passage which dwells upon or even alludes to natural beauty, so completely had their writers caught the temper of Pope and Dryden. Keble, like the prince in the fairy tale, was the first who was awakened out of the long slumber by her touch, and, in common with Burns, to whom he was always tenderly drawn by that poetical brotherhood which may be expressed in his own words, — "brothers are brothers evermore," — he shows in every page that he loves her as a mother, and that she had indeed "tempered his heart, as for a favourite child." It added, moreover, greatly to his power of being, so to speak, her religious interpreter, that he was also a man of first-rate natural ability and cultivation in other respects; although these gifts, like his whole character, were held in check, and subordinated to his religious feeling, by a severe modesty and restraint. Now, very few men who have completely given themselves to religious poetry have brought to it a really cultivated and powerful mind, and Mr. Wordsworth is quite right in saying, in a passage already referred to, that "no great poems were ever produced, except by a man who, being possessed of more than ordinary sensibility, had also thought long and deeply." Mr. Keble's poetry has this last and

most perfect charm: it is that of an accomplished scholar, leavened with all the old grace and finish of the great minds of antiquity — a grace never protruded, but seen "alike in what it shows, and what conceals," always the pleasant companion of our way, as the brook playing over its pebbles, which solaced the sorrows of Ruth. A passage which seems to us well to combine these two feelings of the best ancient culture with the modern love of nature is the following: —

"It was not, then, a poet's dream,
An idle vaunt of song,
Such as, beneath the moon's soft gleam,
On vacant fancies throng;
Which bids us see in heaven and earth,
In all fair things around,
Strong yearnings for a blest new birth,
With sinless glories crowned;
Which bids us hear, at each sweet pause
From care and want and toil,
When dewy eve her curtain draws
Over the world's turmoil, —
In the low chant of wakeful birds,
In the deep weltering flood,
In whispering leaves, these solemn words,
'God made us all for good.'
All true, all faultless, all in tune,
Creation's wondrous choir,
Opened in mystic unison,
To last till time expire.
Man only mars the sweet accord,
O'erpowering with 'harsh din'
The music of thy works and word,
Ill-matched with care and sin.
Sin is with man at morning break,
And through the livelong day
Deafens the ear that fain would wake
To Nature's simple lay.
But when eve's silent footfall steals
Along the Eastern sky,
And one by one to earth reveals
Those purer orbs on high.

Then pours she on the Christian heart
That warning still and deep,
At which high spirits of old would start
E'en from their Pagan sleep,
Just guessing, through their murky blind,
Few, faint, and baffling sight,
Streaks of a brighter heaven behind,
A cloudless depth of light."

By thus seizing on a passionate feeling of his time Keble introduced a life and reality into religious poetry, which it was beginning to lose. The religious poets who had spoken to the previous generation were the children of the religious movement of the eighteenth century — the two Wesleys, Toplady, and Cowper. They were, many of them, endowed with a true genius for the expression of religious sentiment and

passion, and few nobler hymns can be found in any language than that of Charles Wesley, "Come, O thou traveller unknown, whom still I hold but cannot see," or the spirit-stirring strain of Toplady's "Rock of Ages." But like the movement which gave them birth, they had exclusively harped on the single string, worked out the single vein, of emotion and experience; and this indeed in a very narrow sense of the words. The old English hymn-writers had caught far better the larger and more Catholic spirit of the English Church; and Herbert, Donne, and Quarles, like the Andrewses and Taylors of their day — nay, even like Milton himself, — had carried religious feeling into every object of nature, and ransacked all the stores of Pagan antiquity for their illustrations. Keble is, in this respect, distinctly a pupil of Herbert and of Spenser; and by adopting their comparatively quiet and natural tone of religious reflection, he fell in with the feeling of his time, "tired with shadows," wearied with the constant strain of emotion, and glad to be taught how to use religious poetry as the companion of their common thoughts and studies, and of the daily business of their lives.

Taking these as the two leading and most general features of Mr. Keble's poetry to which it has owed something of its immense popularity, let us come more directly to the "Christian Year" itself; and, not without that deference and admiration which makes us hesitate to criticise a work of piety and genius at all, let us test its merits in those four points without which no religious poetry, or poetry of any kind, attains its objects, — (1) its power of expressing depth of passion or feeling; (2) its truths and tenderness of religious affection; (3) its vivid and picturesque power of fancy and imagination; (4) its language.

I. In the most powerful expression of religious emotion and passion, and in this almost alone, the "Christian Year" scarcely appears to us to reach the highest standard of religious poetry. It does not indeed profess to be the language of religious passion; of that intensity which, connected as it is with suffering, has so often marked great poets; or of that vivid imagination which is only kindled by passion; — nay, it may be almost doubted whether, in the opinion of the writer, passion was admissible into religious poetry at all. He often expressed himself on the subject: in his "Oxford Praelations;" in an excellent review on his old favourite, Sir Walter Scott; and in the modest Preface which states the objects of the "Christian

Year." His leading idea of religious, if not of all poetry, is as the "*vis medica*," the soothing rather than the rousing and animating power; that which expresses indeed strong feelings, but expresses them "with reserve," "regulates and mitigates them;" or, in a word, as he puts it in his Preface, "next to a sound rule of faith there is nothing of so much consequence as a sober standard of religious feeling in matters of practical religion;" it is "the *soothing* tendency of the Prayer-book which it is the chief object of these pages to exhibit." In this aim he entirely succeeds, and it may seem unreasonable to object to a work of genius for that which it does not profess to give. But there is a large class of powerful feelings, of remorse for sin and happiness for pardon, of which no one could speak as unnatural or unreal; which have often been the strong ground of the tragedian and the novelist; which both Dante and Milton, and many of the older hymns, have described vividly; and in which Mr. Keble, partly from the peculiar graces of his thoughts and style, but partly too from a want of directness and intensity, seems to fail. We admit that these feelings are the most delicate and difficult of all to express without exaggeration; and it was, perhaps, a sense of this which was at the bottom of Dr. Johnson's famous attack on religious poetry, when he says, "Repentance, trembling in the presence of its judge, is not at leisure for cadences and epithets." Still, we are not without examples, both in prose and verse, which express the thoughts we refer to: first and foremost in the Psalms, which Mr. Keble always made his ideal of religious poetry; most strikingly again in St. Augustine's "Confessions;" again, in some of the ancient hymns, and particularly in St. Bernard's "*Jesu, spes penitentium*;" and in many of the poems in the "*Lyra Apostolica*." In these last there is often a directness, a brevity, an intensity of religious emotion which is less strongly felt in the gentleness of the "*Christian Year*."

It would be difficult to justify our opinion without referring at too great length to passages in the "*Christian Year*;" but a criticism made to Mr. Keble by his friend Hurrell Froude expresses very much what we mean. He says, —

"I confess you seem to have addressed yourself too exclusively to plain matter-of-fact good sort of people, and not to have taken much pains to interest or guide the feelings of people who feel acutely, nor to have given much attention to that dreamy visionary existence which I should have hoped it was the peculiar

province of religious poetry to sober down into practical piety."

Take the following remarkable poem in the "*Lyra Apostolica*:" —

"Lord, in this dust Thy sovereign voice
First quickened love divine;
I am all Thine, Thy care and choice,
My very praise is Thine.
Yet, Lord, in memory's fondest place
I shrine those seasons sad,
When, looking up, I saw Thy face
In kind austereness clad.
I would not miss one sigh or tear,
Heart-pang, or throbbing brow,
Kind was the chastisement severe,
And sweet its memory now.
And such Thy loving force be still
In life's fierce shifting fray,
Shaping to Truth self's froward-will,
Along Thy narrow way.
Deny me wealth, far, far remove
The lure of power or name;
Hope thrives in straits, in weakness love,
And faith in this world's shame."

And then contrast with this the following passage from the "*Christian Year*," —

"Well may I guess and feel
Why autumn should be sad;
But vernal airs should sorrow heal,
Spring should be gay and glad.
Yet, as along this violet bank I rove,
The languid sweetness seems to choke my
breath,
I sit me down beside the hazel grove,
And sigh, and half could wish my weariness
were death.
Like a bright veering cloud,
Grey blossoms twinkle there;
Warbles around a busy crowd
Of larks in purest air.
Shame on the heart that dreams of blessings
gone,
Or wakes the spectral forms of woe and
crime,
When Nature sings of joy and hope alone,
Reading her cheerful lesson in her own sweet
time."

We say it with unfeigned diffidence, but it seems to us that in this, and in some other passages, the religious sympathy with nature, which pervades Mr. Keble's mind and writings, is allowed too great a sway, and almost reaches the point where Mr. Wordsworth would place it, when he says that "Nature never did betray the heart that loves her." Surely, Nature, *of itself*, while it has great power to soften and to charm, has little or none to affect the conscience religiously. In some forms of sorrow, and in some minds, it may indeed play that

healing part which Shakspeare has so beautifully assigned to the sorrow of Constance, whose "grief filled the room up of her absent child . . . then had she reason to be fond of grief." We allow, too, for reasons which we need not enter upon, that Nature has a far higher and more elevating influence, in this respect, than Art, whose claims to any distinct moral influence have been scornfully dismissed by two of her favourite sons, Schiller and Mr. Ruskin, with whom we are disposed to say in Campbell's words, that "all those trophied arts" never "healed one passion, or one pang entailed on human hearts." But where the conscience is really stirred by remorse or penitence, the greatest poets treat Nature very much as a stranger, which must not intermeddle with its grief. The penitents in Dante never fly to Nature; their brief spoken words are simply, "Tell my mother, or my friend, to pray for me;" in the bitter remorse of Cardinal Beaufort in Shakspeare, or in the last compunctions of Manfred, there is no thought that Nature can do anything for them; nay, in describing the deepest natural grief, even Mr. Wordsworth has, almost in spite of himself, thrown Nature aside, and sought deliverance in a higher arm;—when he describes the feeling of the Fountress of Bolton Abbey, that, in *lesser sorrows*, a "comfort she might borrow, from death, and from the passion of death, old Wharf might heal her sorrow;" but that when she had lost her *all*, she could only "pray in silentness, that looked not for relief," till at last her comfort came. On the other hand, we thankfully acknowledge that, *given the religious feeling*, it is Nature's privilege to help to transmute sorrow, "to inform the mind that is within us, — to impress with quietness and beauty." It is thus that Wordsworth is to many such a daily blessing; and Mr. Keble is still more so, although we think that occasionally he has carried his belief in the curative power of Nature too far. Without pursuing this part of our subject farther, we may be allowed to quote some beautiful lines of the Archbishop of Dublin, which give the feeling we have attempted to express:—

And Nature's self, our foster-mother dear, —
What could she do for us, what help impart?

There were no pulses in her cold, cold heart —
She had no happy family of love
In which to adopt us; — beauty without love,
How should it cherish or make less forlorn
The forlorn heart of man! what comfort yield?

While we, the firstfruits of creation, we,

For whose dear sake all other things were
made,
Were as we were?"

II. It is chiefly as the poet of the religious affections, of God's love to man and man's answering love to God, that Mr. Keble seems to us unrivalled, at once in the depth and beauty of feeling which he displays, and the manner in which he connects this feeling with everything in nature and life. Here again we believe that it is no mere fancy to say that he is the poet of his time, and has remarkably met its wants, and even supplied an important link of its religious philosophy, by the power with which he has made us realize the personal love of "One unseen yet ever nigh." Mr. Newman has expressed this opinion forcibly, though in rather a singular manner. Speaking of "the difficulty of analyzing the effect upon himself of religious teaching, so deep, so pure, so beautiful," he says that one of "the two great intellectual truths" which the "Christian Year" brought home to him, was "that the firmness of assent which we give to religious doctrine is due not to the probabilities which introduce it, but to the living power of faith and love which accepts it." And he adds, that "faith and love are directed to an object: it is in the vision of that object that they live; and thus the argument about probability in religion becomes an argument from personality." And these words, though cast in an argumentative form, which at first seems a strange result from reading a poem, and reminds us of the mathematician's question about Homer, "What does he prove?" really contain the principle which runs through Mr. Keble, and which he had caught from Butler, a sense of the melancholy and even doubtful side of human life, overcome and absorbed by the sense of the ever-present love of God. No doubt the prevailing tone expresses that cheerful and quiet confidence which is suggested by the motto of the book, "In quietness and confidence shall be your strength," and which, though often breathing the wish, "rather in all to be resigned than blest," seems to us to be above that "resignation" which Butler has described as the great temper of religion. But we are also struck sometimes by an attempt to meet and even to sympathize with uncertainty, such as the two following passages express:—

"There are who, darkling and alone,
Would wish the weary night were gone,
Though dawning morn should only show
The secret of their unknown woe:

*Who pray for sharpest throbs of pain,
To ease them of doubt's galling chain.
'Only disperse the cloud,' they cry,
'And, if our fate be death, give light and let
us die.'*"

And again : —

*'This is the heart for thoughtful seer,
Watching, in trance nor dark nor clear,
The appalling future as it onward draws :
His spirit calmed the storm to meet,
Feeling the rock beneath his feet,
And tracing through the cloud the Eternal
Cause.'*"

Now it is instructive to see how other great poets have dealt with what we may call this question of Natural Theology. Mr. Wordsworth meets it, as we might expect, by an appeal to the elevating and tranquillizing influence of nature : "that blessed mood, in which the burden and the mystery of all this unintelligible world is lightened." Mr. Tennyson (in the "Two Voices," and the "Palace of Art") falls back on the still higher conviction that human love carries within itself an evidence, "a hidden hope," of the reality of Divine love : —

*"In that hour,
From out my sullen heart a power
Broke like the rainbow from the shower, —*

*"To feel, although no tongue can prove,
That every cloud that spreads above
And veileth love, itself is Love."*

We believe that Mr. Keble would have recognised the truth of both these answers in the spirit in which he dedicates his Oxford Prelections to Wordsworth, as the "Vates vere sacer, qui legentium animos semper ad sanctoria erigeret. . . . Non solum dulcissimæ poesoes, verum etiam divinæ veritatis Antistes." Of course, he himself goes farther. Assuredly he does not forget that "the invisible things of God are understood by the things that are made;" to him the "clouds mantle round the sun for love;" to him it is "love's supporting force" which "cheats the toil and cheers the way;" and it is his belief that "if human bosoms are waiting to welcome" mourners, God must be still more so, — "they love us, will not God receive?" — still, his strongest warrant for a higher belief is found in his certainty of God's love to man, — "He knows all, yet loves us better than He knows," — and in man's direct love to God in return. The following lines express this as strikingly as any : —

*"Wouldest thou the life of souls discern ?
Nor human wisdom nor Divine
Helps thee by aught beside to learn ;
Love is life's only sign.*

*The spring of the regenerate heart,
The pulse, the glow of every part,
Is the true love of Christ our Lord,
As man embraced, as God adored."*

And what we wish especially to observe here is the skill and religious delicacy with which he has managed this high and difficult argument. It is a great difficulty in all religious poetry, and one which we ought perhaps to have noticed earlier, that the more touching and elevating are the subjects (particularly those connected with our Lord), the more difficult it is to invest them with the novelty of poetical sentiment, or with much of human interest, from their very solemnity and from their familiarity. Dr. Johnson's words are indeed suggestive of a truth which they fail exactly to express. "The essence," he says, "of poetry is invention, such invention as, by producing something unexpected, surprises and delights. The topics of devotion are few." It is perfectly true, as Mr. Keble suggests, that though the *object* of devotion is one, the *topics* are many; and that "the novelty consists not in the original topic, but in continually bringing ordinary things, by happy strokes of natural ingenuity, into new associations with the ruling passion." Now, to have done this is his greatest triumph: and he may be truly said to have "surprised and delighted" us by the manner, novel to sacred poets, in which he has painted many of the deepest feelings of the human heart, not in the ordinary forms of poetical interest and passion, but in connection with God. Surely in no other poetry, scarcely in any other human work, are man and Christ so bound in one, as in the passages, and still more the allusions, which abound in every page, — in His sympathy with the failure of human hopes, in His filling up the imperfection of human sympathy, in His touching the bier of the mourners, in the picture of those who in the "crowded loneliness" of cities still "carry music in their heart, through dusky lane and wrangling mart," and with whom "the melodies abide of the everlasting chime," and above all, in the touching contrast of earthly desolation and the highest earthly happiness, which is perhaps the most delicate and beautiful passage in these poems : —

*"Nor deem who to that bliss aspire
Must win their way through flood and fire.*

The writhings of a wounded heart
Are fiercer than a foeman's dart;
Oft in life's stillest shade reclining,
In desolation unrepining,
Without a hope on earth to find
A mirror in an answering mind,
Meek souls there are who little dream
Their daily strife an angel's theme,
Or that the rod they take so calm
Shall prove in heaven a martyr's palm.

And there are souls which seem to dwell
Above this earth, so rich a spell
Floats round your steps where'er they move,
From hopes fulfilled and mutual love.
Such, if on high their thoughts are set,
Nor in the stream the source forget;
If prompt to quit the bliss they know,
Following the Lamb where'er He go;
By present pleasures unbeguiled
To idolize or wife or child;
Such wedded souls our God shall own
For faultless virgins round His throne."

III. Thirdly, as to power of Imagination: it must be remembered, in speaking of the "Christian Year," that its poems are neither Hymns nor Odes: they challenge no comparison with the great Odes of our times, such as Coleridge's "Departing Year," or Wordsworth's "Immortality," or Manzoni's "Napoleon," or even with Heber's occasional bursts of imagination as in the "Hymn to the Trinity." But they are full of graceful imagery, and of a fancy at once lively and thoughtful, and (particularly on historical subjects) they contain many passages of vivid description. Perhaps the epithet which here best describes Mr. Keble's power is *picturesque*; a word which is itself the growth of modern poetry, and marks him, in point of thought and language, as belonging to the school of Scott and Wordsworth. Take, for example, the descriptions of scenery. It is almost entirely English scenery which they bring before us, just as it is the English home, the manor-house or parsonage, with its "waving tracery," hiding the work of time; the "graves beloved" of the English churchyard, and the "timid glances shy" of the English children, that are always in his eye. The poet almost begins by telling us that he will have nothing grander, —

"Needs no sight of mountain hoary,
Winding shore or deepening glen,
Where the landscape in its glory
Teaches Truth to wandering men;
Homely scenes and simple views
Lowly thoughts will best infuse."

There are, indeed, some mountain pic-

tures, though they are very different from Mr. Tennyson's picture of the gorgeous vegetation, and "the winding paths which seemed like ways to heaven," of a tropical mountain. There is "the new-born rill, just trickling from its mossy bed," yet destined to be "the bulwark of a realm," and "to bear navies to and fro," — which might seem to have been suggested by the seven springs of the Thames near his native village. There is again the "many-twinkling smile of ocean," caught up some woodland dale in Hampshire or Devonshire; there are "the lessons sweet of spring returning;" and the "soberer green of the meadows" in the English autumn; with the "chill and dun November day" "falling over the moor," and the "relenting sun" of the December sky; — and all are represented with a quiet beauty of thought which reminds us of Cowper, joined with a far more genuine fondness for nature, which makes us feel, as the writer says of his favourite Burns, that he never could have been happy without her. It is perhaps this picturesqueness and subdued grace of style which has made the work so popular with the average class of readers, leading them everywhere to feel (what is, after all, a crowning merit both in writers and speakers) that they are in the company of a refined and educated mind. The historical scenes again, and the pictures of scenery in Palestine, are described with vividness, and usually with accuracy; such as the shores of the Lake of Genesaret, with the bright and red blossoms of the oleanders "baring their bosoms to the breeze" in the Eastern night, and seeming still to watch round the hills where the Saviour prayed; such again as the picture of Balaam, perhaps the most vivid in the book, with the "desert-wearied tribes" in their tents along the line of the willows, or of Euphrates winding through the sea-like plain to the "pearly sea;" and the fine historic comparison of the Jewish people, "tossed wildly like glowing brands through twice a thousand years," to the "thorn wrapt in flame" of the burning bush.

Perhaps the following may be taken as a fair specimen of his power in this line: —

"Where is thy favoured haunt, Eternal Voice,
The region of thy choice?
Where, undisturbed by sin and care, the soul
Owns thine entire control?
'Tis on the mountain summit dark and high,
When storms are hurrying by:
'Tis 'mid the strong foundations of the earth,
Where torrents have their birth.

"No sounds of worldly toil ascending there
 Mar the full burst of prayer;
 Lone Nature feels that she may freely breathe,
 And round us and beneath
 Are heard her sacred tones; the fitful sweep
 Of winds across the steep,
 Through withered bents, romantic note and
 clear,
 Meet for a hermit's ear," &c., &c.

IV. Lastly, the *language* of the "Christian Year" is entirely in unison with the general character of the book: betraying some want of habitual practice, and lacking the complete "accomplishment of verse;" it has the far greater merits of natural feeling, harmony, and reality. Not a line is written for effect, and scarcely a line but conveys a clear thought. There are a few phrases, such as "heaven's aerial lawn," "wearied swains in parched bower," "earth tinctured red with blood," which are out of taste or awkward; but certainly nothing like the number which might be pointed to as minor blemishes in Wordsworth. What obscurity there is, is rather in following out the thought than in the actual expressions, for some of the poems fall off considerably towards their conclusion, and the whole is not always sufficiently under the dominion of the leading idea, — while the attempt to connect the subject with the Sunday is sometimes forced, from the different parts of the work being, as the author says, "adapted with more or less propriety to the successive portions of the Liturgy, rather than originally suggested by them." Our meaning may be seen in the "Hymn on Trinity Sunday," where the leading idea of the Trinity is very beautifully carried out during the first part of the poem, with the striking illustration of the three aisles of the cathedral: —

"Three solemn parts together twine,
 In harmony's mysterious line;
 Three solemn aisles approach the shrine;" —

but the thought is afterwards somewhat lost in the general description of worldliness which follows. It would be a work well deserving the labour, and one which would best show both the depth and general consistency of the thoughts, if any one, with taste and delicacy of handling, were to write such an "Analysis of the 'Christian Year'" as Mr. Robertson has left of "In Memoriam." Nor can we omit to notice that constant felicity of single expressions which the simplicity and reality of the style gives it. It is difficult to do justice to such phrases apart from their context, but there are many

which fix themselves in our mind like proverbs, such as, —

"The loving eye that watches thine,
 Close as the air that wraps thee round;"

Or, —

"He who dwells above
 Knows all, yet loves us better than He
 knows;"

Or, —

"Strive not to wind ourselves too high,
 For sinful man beneath the sky;"

Or, —

"Why should we shrink and fear to live alone,
 Since all alone, so Heaven has willed, we
 die!"

But in fact it may be truly said that there is hardly a poem in the volume without some thought or expression which emphatically "finds us;" and if we add, what will be the experience of many readers, that, almost as in Scripture itself, we always discover in them something fresh and new, and that, —

"As for some dear familiar strain,
 Untired, we ask and ask again;
 Ever, in its melodious store,
 Finding a spell unheard before," —

we have perhaps one of the best criterions of what may surely well be called a Divine Poem.

We shall not attempt at present to notice Mr. Keble's other works, to which we have occasionally alluded: they are interesting in many respects; but no one can doubt that his fame will rest upon the "Christian Year." In speaking of this, and indeed of his whole life, we have endeavoured, while warmly expressing our admiration, to do so with a freedom without which criticism would be worthless; and we have thought that his claim to be considered a true poet might be most fairly tested by a comparison with other great poets of his time, especially Wordsworth, who was nearest to him in tone, and was almost avowedly the source of much of his inspiration. Inferior, indeed, as he must necessarily be considered both in depth of thought and in poetical power to that great master, he has yet struck a chord of more universal interest and sympathy. And as we have felt in describing him personally, that the character of such a man is a real glory

to his country, as well as to the Church, of which he was one of the highest, because one of the most legitimate, ornaments;—so we may reckon amongst the best signs of an Age, which he was himself too much inclined to regard as one of hardness and decline, the fact that poetry, so pure and unworldly, should be, far above any other that can be named, the constant companion of every class of thoughtful Englishmen and

Englishwomen,—a true “Eirenicon,” in which, spite of all differences of thought and feeling,—

“Reconciled Christians meet,
And face to face and heart to heart,
High thoughts of holy love impart,
In silence meek or converse sweet.”

W. C. LAKE.

About ten years ago (No. 554), we copied from “The Friend,” the first of the following poems, which has since been published in very many papers.

The author has since re-written it, from another point of view,—and it will be pleasant and profitable to compare the second poem with the first.

From the Friend.

COULDEST THOU NOT WATCH ONE HOUR?

THY night is dark—behold the shade was deeper

In the old garden of Gethsemane,
When that calm voice awoke the weary sleeper,
—Couldst thou not watch one hour alone with me?

O thou so weary of thy self-denials,
And so impatient of thy little cross,
Is it so hard to bear thy daily trials,
To count all earthly things a gainful loss?

What if thou *always* suffer tribulation,
And if thy Christian warfare *never* cease;
The gaining of the quiet habitation,
Shall gather thee to everlasting peace.

But here we all must suffer, walking lonely
The path that Jesus once himself hath gone;
Watch thou in patience through this hour only,
This one dark hour before the eternal dawn.

The captive's oar may pause upon the galley,
The soldier sleep beneath his plumed crest,
And peace may fold her wing o'er hill and valley,
But thou, O Christian, must not take thy rest.

Thou must walk on, however man upbraid thee,

With him who trod the wine-press all alone;
Thou wilt not find one human hand to aid thee,
One human soul, to comprehend thine own.

Heed not the images forever thronging
From out the foregone life thou livest no more;
Faint-hearted mariner, still art thou longing
For the dim line of the receding shore.

Wilt thou find rest of soul in thy returning
To that old path thou hast so vainly trod?
Hast thou forgotten all thy weary yearning
To walk among the children of thy God?

Faithful and steadfast in their consecration,
Living by that high faith to thee so dim,
Declaring before God their dedication,
So far from thee, because so near to Him.

Canst thou forget thy Christian superscription—
“Behold we count them happy which endure?”

What treasure wouldst thou in the land Egyptian,
Repass the stormy waters to secure?

And wilt thou yield thy sure and glorious promise
For the poor fleeting joys earth can afford?
No hand can take away the treasure from us
That rests within the keeping of the Lord.

Poor wandering soul—I know that thou art seeking
Some easier way, as all have sought before
To silence the reproachful inward speaking—
Some landward path unto an island shore!

The cross is heavy in thy human measure,
The way too narrow for thine inward pride,
Thou canst not lay thine intellectual treasure
At the low footstool of the Crucified.

Oh that thy faithless soul, one hour only
Would comprehend the Christian's perfect
life,
Despised with Jesus, sorrowful and lonely,
Yet calmly looking upward in its strife.

For poverty and self-renunciation,
Their Father yieldeth back a thousand fold ;
In the calm stillness of regeneration,
Cometh a joy they never knew of old.

In meek obedience to the heavenly Teacher,
Thy weary soul can only find its peace,
Seeking no aid from any human creature ;
Looking to God alone for His release.

And He will come in His own time and power,
To set his earnest-hearted children free ;
Watch only through this dark and painful hour,
And the bright morning yet will break for thee.

From Friends' Review.

"YE WILL NOT COME TO ME THAT YE
MIGHT HAVE LIFE."

Thy night is dark, behold the Light before thee,
That shineth from the old Gethsemane,
Whence from the darkness hath arisen in glory,
That there might be no darkness more for thee.

O thou so weary of thy self-denials,
Bearing thy own atoning cross in vain,
Come to the cross of Jesus with thy trials,
Lay upon Him the burden and the pain.

To Christ belongs the hour of desolation,
To Christ the warfare and the victory ;
But His eternal, quiet habitation,
His endless peace and rest are given to thee.

Not unto thee the cross of crucifixion,
Nor work of sacrifice, however small ;
Only to thee the inward deep conviction,
That thou art nothing and that He is all.

This is the work of God, that thou believest
On Him whom He hath sent unto the earth ;
In the new life of faith that thou receivest,
Thy gifts upon His altar have no worth.

Now art thou ever wrapt in self, and viewing
What thou dost suffer and hast sacrificed,
What thou hast done and still art vainly doing
Is more to thee than all the love of Christ.

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Thou canst not walk in steadfast consecration,
Thy shadow makes the path before thee dim ;
Thy soul can never work out that salvation
Which is not first thine own through faith in Him.

O captive soul ! to thee the Father speaketh ;
O feeble heart ! thou canst not war with sin ;
Give up thyself and all the light thou seekest,
And Christ will be indeed thy Light within.

For through our darkness God, the Father, call-
eth,
Through faith in Jesus to reveal the Son ;
On them who know the Son the Spirit falleth,
The perfect inward Light, — the Three in One.

If Christ shall be thine own in faith's assur-
ance
Thou must renounce thyself and take his
cross, —
Renounce thy sacrifice and vain endurance,
And count thy righteousness a total loss.

And, above all, renounce the old delusions —
Renounce the cross which is thine own de-
vice ;
From these uncertain lights and vain confusions
Look to the eternal, perfect sacrifice.

Forsake the broad, deceitful pathway, turning,
Through inward wiles of self, from Christ
astray ;
Beyond the wilderness His light is burning,
And straight His gate, and narrow is His
way.

Seek not the truth in controversial pages,
Seek for thyself where early Christians
sought,
And rest alone upon the Rock of Ages,
Far from the shifting sands of human
thought.

And if thine eye be single unto Jesus,
Thy work will be to love His will and way,
Not as a servant that his master pleases,
But as a son rejoicing to obey.

Thou wilt not heed thy changing heart's emo-
tion,
No doubt nor darkness will disturb thee more ;
Thy faith will find across the stormy ocean
A landward path unto an island shore.

He will not have thee walk in tribulation,
He calls thee to rejoicing in His will ;
Whether in light of outward consolation,
Or transient shadows, He is faithful still.

Above all powers His mighty love constraineth ;
The strongest voice of duty groweth dim, —
But while thy single-hearted faith remaineth,
Thou canst do all things joyfully for Him.

From the Spectator, 21 July.

THE EFFECT OF SADOWA ON THE PAPACY.

THE results of this contest in Europe, if it ends, as all Englishmen now expect that it must end, in a complete final victory for Prussia, are so vast that the mind refuses to grasp them except one by one, and even then only at intervals. Just at this moment the British public can attend only to the effect of the campaign upon Austria and France, but it will modify the position of every power in Europe in a nearly equal degree. France loses at once her dictatorship, and sinks, as the *Economist* has pointed out, into one of many co-ordinate powers; Austria becomes the natural protector of the nationalities of the East, instead of the natural foe of the nationalities of the West; and Russia finds an impassable barrier erected between herself and the civilized half of the European world. With Germany constituted, it becomes useless for England to waste time and character in protecting an insolvent Mussulman horde, while Scandinavia gains an ally among whose immediate and pressing interests will be the freedom of the Baltic. Upon no power, however, will the blow fall so heavily as on the Papacy, which lost at Sadowa infinitely more than it has forfeited during the last six disastrous years, for it lost the chance of regaining all. Had Austria won the game, and an Austrian army been billeted in Berlin, Rome would hardly have been evacuated within this generation, and Umbria and the Marches might have been replaced under the priestly sway its subjects so bitterly detest. This was too much for any except Cardinals to hope, and the Pope, who is at heart an Italian, and like other Italians thinks Germans and Frenchmen equally useful barbarians, could not bring himself to hope it, but even if Austria emerged uninjured all might be regained. Napoleon must die some time, or France be involved in war, and then Austria, with its faithful population and its immovable policy would hasten to expiate a multitude of sins, and repair innumerable blunders, by a new instance of unswerving devotion to the interests of the Church. In a partitioned Italy the largest share would be assigned to St. Peter, that the theft of the remainder might be blessed, and Cardinals replaced in their districts would at last be enabled to sing heartily the *Te Deum Laudamus* which now they can only chant in faith. This hope, which has lived six years in the breasts of the most despondent

in the Vatican, in the worldly-wise Secretary of State Antonelli, as in the fanatic Grand Almoner de Merode died, with the intelligence of the victory of the Sadowa. Austria was the last of the great Ultramontane Powers,—for the Papacy does not blind itself to the fact that France is essentially Voltairian,—and Austria as an Italian power disappeared upon that field. The new Germany which is rising upon her ruins is either Protestant or, what is far more dangerous, liberal-Catholic, is ruled by a House sternly, on points almost fanatically, Lutheran, and is guided by a Minister who within six months has informed the Pope that if he did not institute the King's nominee to the See of Cologne within three days the relation between Catholic Prussia and the Papal Chair should be finally dissolved. The world, as it appears to the Vatican, will be divided among six great States, and of these France will be Voltairian, Prussia Lutheran, Britain on all Papal questions Calvinistic, Russia Greek and hostile, Italy Catholic but anti-Papal, and Austria Papal, but bound by the evil prejudices of the Hungarians, who are anxious to be shown by the Church the way to heaven, but think they can see their road on earth themselves. Spain is orthodox, to be sure, but then Spain is also sceptical, governed by men who detest all schism, but who also detest wars for a creed in which they only half believe; and then could Spain beat Italy? The prospect is dark on every side; Italy consolidated, Germany united, Austria moved eastward, Bavaria paralyzed, Spain left helpless, Rome seething with hatred under their feet, the poor priests are thrown back on Heaven and Napoleon as their only protectors, and while Heaven gives victory to infidels Napoleon refuses to intervene and save the faithful. The changes are all so sudden, too, and the men who conduct them so violent; there is no time for intrigue, and what can one do with a Protestant aristocrat like Bismark, who treats Popes as if they were petty princes, and compels them to consecrate Bishops as if a concordat were a secular treaty to be enforced by the bayonet, who does not even believe, like Mr. Disraeli, that the "independence of the Papacy is essential to the European equilibrium?" Mr. Disraeli is in power, it is true, but then his Ministry accepts orders from Orangemen, and if it did not, would not dare in the face of every English rector to interfere for Rome. Verily, Satan is abroad more visibly than in 1848, for then there was aid to be obtained from the Powers; in greater strength than in 1800, for then all depended on a single life,

and a life in the long duration of the Papacy is scarcely an appreciable point of time. The new changes will be permanent, while Napoleon will pass away.

The Papacy has survived all things, even its own crimes, and prediction about its future may well be left by politicians to Dr. Cumming, and those who believe that the worthy bee-master has penetrated the secret of the divine will, but the outlook for the temporal power is certainly a gloomy one. If Prussia succeeds, it is as certain as anything in politics can be that Italy will be left free of all other pre-occupation to devote her whole energies, and the genius of a people among whom genius is endemic, to the possession of Rome, to the possession, that is, of a minute State inclosed in her dominion, filled with a population ardently Italian, and ruled always by Sovereigns who can no more divest their minds of Italian sympathies than they could divest their blood of iron. Those sympathies are parts of their mental organism, not subjects of its action. No "guarantee of the great Powers," the daily dream of the Vatican, is any longer possible, and Napoleon, even if willing to remain the sole foreigner within Italy, and therefore the sole object of the concentrated Italian hate which in Venetia has but deepened yearly through sixty years, cannot always have the power. Some day or other he will need the aid of Italy, or he will dread the force of Italy, and then the evacuation will be followed by the entry of the long dreaded foe. Indeed it is by no means certain that the Convention of September will not be executed to the letter, for Napoleon wants no fresh enemies, is not anxious to furnish an excuse to Italy for adopting the alliance with Prussia into its permanent scheme of policy. In the Congress, moreover, which must one day legalize the results of this great war, the voice of Prussia as representative of Germany is sure to tell very heavily, and Prussia has hitherto adhered very fairly to her ally, whose services in Venetia in withdrawing so large a section of the Austrian army are felt by the military King to have been of the last importance. And then the shepherd will stand face to face with his flock, with no colley dogs between. The temporal power must end, even should the Pope remain in Rome, for he could only be safe under Italian bayonets, and an Italian Pontiff exercising power through Italians only over an Italian population, must be either an arch priest or a lieutenant-general of the secular Sovereign of Italy. Flight is the only alternative, and though this will be pressed upon the

Pope by the Jesuits and the fanatics, who think his departure will disturb the order of the world, there are more moderate men around him, who ask whither he is to fly. The hand of France will, he knows well, be heavier than that of Italy, no Italian priest or prince will willingly live in Germany, the Balearic Isles are too isolated for a Court which is still one of the great centres of human action, and in Malta, the refuge towards which the mind of Pope Pius most readily turns, he must conciliate a heretical power. The lodging, however, is no matter. No state will accept the Pope as King, and either in Malta or in Rome the Papacy will commence a new career, which may very easily be as great, possibly as long continued, as that which now appears to be drawing to its end. So invincible is the belief in many minds that truth can only be one in its manifestations as well as its reality, so great is the convenience of a living authority competent to decide *ex cathedra* all doubtful questions alike of belief and conscience, that it is hard to imagine the day when no great section of mankind will look up with reverence to the Pope. All Christian men and women must previously have acquired the courage to walk alone to heaven, and we are far from that yet, as far probably as we are from the day when laws shall be useless because every one loves his neighbour as himself. Freed from the incumbrance as well as the temptations of the secular power, the Papacy may devote itself to theology and ecclesiastical organization, may in both initiate developments the effect of which shall be permanently felt throughout the world. Be it remembered, the "Papacy," as we call it for convenience, is not only a man, but also a vast organization, which draws to itself, as by irresistible attraction, mental power of every order, from that of the casuist to that of the great administrator. The world is not yet safe from the chance of a great genius wielding the authority of the Catholic Church. Of late years the supply of brain has grown less because men of genius cannot be "Ultramontanes," cannot devote themselves to the support of a useless authority over an insignificant cluster of little provinces, and Ultramontanism has been the *sine qua non* of aspirants for power at Rome. The Papacy, hampered by the ascendancy of the Society of Jesus, who, formerly the opponents of centralization, now exaggerate the mystic claims of the Holy Chair till they become grotesque, has selected its agents badly, and raised men to the highest places who, like Cardinal Cullen, for example, lack the in-

intellectual serenity which is the unfailing accompaniment of brains of the foremost order. The struggle for temporal power once closed, there will be no need for applying a test which drives away able men, and a genius either on or behind the Holy Chair becomes once more a terrible possibility. If such a man should arise, a man, for instance, who saw how easily Rome could link herself with the social aspirations of the masses, who could give to her vast hierarchy, which still extends through every grade of human life, still dwells in palaces and lazarettos, among princes as among convicts, the order to defend the people, there may yet be a career before the Papacy as magnificent as the one which, unless a miracle supervenes, must end with Pius IX. Even without such a genius the change may be tremendous, *for from the day of the extinction of the temporal power the Papacy must inevitably ally itself with Democracy*, and in that simple fact what possibilities are not contained? She has nothing more to hope or fear from the Kings, every thing to hope and fear from those masses who have not yet risen to the level at which men reject all guidance, who alone, of all the forces now rising, can coerce the intellectual class which has finally thrown off sacerdotal authority, and who are tending more rapidly day by day all over Europe towards organizations which Rome knows how to administer, which are in fact but poor imitations of many of her own Orders. We find associations of agriculture very difficult to manage, but the men who built Woburn did not, and Benedictines are not the people most likely to be blind to the powers and the difficulties inherent in co-operative life. We need not say we should regard such a transformation of the Papacy with alarm, for the sacerdotal caste seems to us, of all others, the worse fitted to lead the multitudes through the desert into the promised land which, as the French Utopians say, they see beyond the Red Sea, but the transformation has become possible, and Sadova may yet be a date in the spiritual history of mankind.

From the Spectator.

THE EVIL RESULTS OF THE AUSTRIAN COLLAPSE.

It is difficult for English Liberals, with all their deep-rooted distrust of the great

Austrian House, to await the approaching battle on the Danube without a sensation of alarm. Continental Liberals, we believe, have trained themselves to regard the dissolution of the Austrian Empire with very little concern, but Englishmen look to the East as well as the West, and in the East the destruction of the old monarchy will not be an unmixed good. Next week may be the commencement of anarchy throughout regions which contain at least one-fifth, and it may be the richest fifth, of Europe, southern regions, which will grow grapes, and yield oil, and are full of unworked mineral treasures, but which are possessed by races only half-civilized, jealous of each other to mania, divided in race, and creed, and language, incapable of organizing democracies, yet unwilling to submit to control. Already as the Prussians advance, the Czech population of Bohemia, two-thirds of the whole, begins to betray its bitter dislike of the more civilized German third, and to talk of the claims of what it is pleased to call its nationality, to denounce the rule which for three hundred years has "arrested" what seems to sober observers an all but impossible "career." A crushing defeat before Vienna may release in a moment all the discords hitherto kept down only by military force, and Bohemia and Hungary, Transylvania and Croatia, Dalmatia and Galicia, with the population of European Turkey, may be all in uproar together. Even in the Hereditary States a strong feeling that it would be better to follow Prussia than be turned out of Germany altogether is beginning to manifest itself, and the result of the great battle may be a most dangerous disintegration. Not one of these States has any bond to another beyond a common loyalty to a great family, which if once more defeated will have lost the only prestige it ever had, that of almost unbroken grandeur. Even the Hungarians, despite the sentiment they are expressing towards the Empress, may not adhere to the House which has wrought them so many miseries. A mixed company of Hungarians and Prussians recently drank in Berlin the health of Prince Frederick Charles as King of Hungary, and a cadet of the Hohenzollerns has within the fortnight extorted from the Sultan the hereditary throne of Roumania, a transaction still unexplained, which at any other time would have attracted all the politicians of Europe. A Hohenzollern in Hungary is probably a dream, but such dreams show clearly how far men are breaking away from their traditional habits of thought.

Without the Hapsburgs Eastern Europe would be a congeries of republics, or rather kingless States, without means, or it may be inclination, for federation. Galicia belongs naturally, by sympathy, and language, and position to the Poland she cannot join, the Czechs are as isolated in Europe as the Maltese or Basques, the Croats have a secular quarrel with Hungary, the Dalmatians care chiefly for Italy, the Transylvanians, after Vienna, look to Moscow, and Hungary itself, the only strong State in the great Eastern group, is a vast, thinly peopled region, larger than Great Britain and Ireland, with only a third of its population, that population a mixture of races, half Oriental, and bound together only by their readiness to follow a very able political caste. The Magyars no doubt are a political race, with high capacity for political work, but supposing Hungary under her Diet to pick up the broken sceptre, — a work of extreme difficulty, unless indeed Prussia lends her aid, — and to link to herself her ancient outlying provinces, the result would be only a new Austria without Germans, that is, without the civilizing element, without the Hapsburgs, who if they cannot govern well, can govern strongly, without wealth, with a great military monarchy on the north, and with a congeries of little States on the south, which are discontented indeed, but betray no aspirations for union with Hungary. There is no possibility without the Hapsburgs of retaining the Hereditary States, for the Germans are like Englishmen in this, that if associated with any civilization lower than their own they must and will bear rule. A voluntary federation between Austria proper and Hungary would take years to organize and centuries to become real, and has besides no object, the Austrian Germans fusing themselves far more easily into Germany. The non-German States, divided by mutual jealousies, by hatreds a thousand years old, by the differences of language, and the bitter prejudices of creed, will be too apt to sway towards Russia, the only power which can effectually assist them against each other.

Without the Hapsburgs the task of effecting a consolidation of Eastern Europe sufficient for independence seems beyond human strength, and even with them it will be one of extraordinary difficulty. Suppose Hungary completely conciliated, and the "pivot of Austrian power transferred to Pesth," as Count von Bismark advised, the old difficulty of governing either by fusion or federation, or what Austrian statesmen

call "dualism," will still revive. Doubtless the Hapsburgs will make concessions, but there were obstacles in their road besides their own pride and obstinacy, and in gaining the Hungarians they may lose the affections of their equally numerous and far more obedient German subjects. Those subjects have hitherto never contemplated the possibility of being turned out of Germany, but they perceive it at last, and the old bitterness of 1848, the feeling that all rights have been sacrificed to the maintenance of an army, which army has proved useless in the hour of supreme trial, is rapidly gathering strength, and will at all events increase the discontent at any loss of their old ascendancy within the empire. If the Hapsburgs could not succeed in fusing Austria with their prestige unbroken, their army full of confidence, themselves backed in the last resort by the weight of Germany, how are they to succeed when deprived, as the next battle may deprive them, of all those advantages? We talk very glibly of "concessions," but concessions in Austria mean gratifications to half the Empire at the expense of annoying the other half. They are like party concessions to Irish Catholics, which send Irish Protestants into the opposite rank. Doubtless if the family is wise, can secure the support of Germany, which is not impossible, and so obtain twenty years of peace, it may ultimately win the game, and rear up a strongly organized empire of the Danube, the destined and fitting inheritor of the Turkish dominion. There is room in these wild regions for twenty millions of Germans, and Germany swarms off her tens of thousands a year to Texas and Ohio. If that emigration could be directed eastward for any considerable term of years, the new empire would speedily be both civilized and strong; but then can it, without exciting a jealousy as fierce as that which exists in Posen between Poles and Germans? Have the Hapsburgs ever been wise, ever tried even in the zenith of their power to civilize their Eastern possessions? And then the time? The danger will be immediate, not distant; the work of reorganization must be done now, or left undone for years, only to be accomplished after miseries as great as any which have ever afflicted Europe.

The hope of English Liberals has been, we imagine, that the Hapsburgs, compelled by their defeats to quit the Confederation, and by circumstances to abandon Italy, would throw themselves with new vigour and concentration of purpose into the work first of conciliating, and then of strength-

ening, their great Eastern dominion. Up to the present time it has always been possible to conciliate Hungary, and with the aid of her German subjects, of German settlers in Hungary, and of the half-million Magyar families, Austria might in a few years create a really powerful State, strong enough, with the assistance which she would receive both from England and France, to throw herself between Russia and Constantinople, and free enough to attract to herself the provinces which are gradually sloughing off from Turkey. Those provinces need before all things a period of strong government, of freedom at once from fears of Turkey and intrigues with Russia, and these benefits a Danubian empire ruled by an ancient House could have secured. But to secure them some large modicum of strength is requisite, and so terribly is the current setting in against the Hapsburgs, so innumerable are the interests which, clashing incessantly with each other, unite in dislike of the Government of Vienna, that the next battle may reduce Austria to entire helplessness, to a position in which every little separatist interest can assert itself with effect, and so destroy for the time even the possibility of coherence. If an opinion springs up in the Hereditary States that it is better to be Prussian than Slavonic, nothing will be left of the Austrian Empire but particles without a trace of natural affinity, or any affinity at all, except perhaps a common fear of the ambition of St. Petersburg.

From the Saturday Review, 21 July.

THE POLICY OF PRUSSIA.

PRUSSIA advances daily with an object kept steadily in view, and with resources that seem to make her aim within her grasp. Before a shot was fired, Count BISMARCK announced that his purpose was to form a new Germany from which Austria should be excluded. He has never wavered in this purpose, and he will hear of no cessation of arms, even for a day, until his purpose has been gained. At first the project was received with something little short of ridicule. It seemed absurd to think that Austria would consent to sever herself from Germany, or that she could be compelled to this severance against her will. There were also the numerous allies of Austria in the Confederation, and among them no less than four Kings, whose in-

terests were bound up with those of Austria, and who would never dream of foregoing her protection. But the war has made many things seem natural that before the war seemed very unnatural. The whole government of the minor States has utterly broken down, and the idea has been diffused throughout the whole of Germany that, for safety and even for existence, the Germans must have a State to lead and rule them with more energy, more character, more life in it than States like Hanover or Saxony, or even Bavaria, can boast. The wonderful ease with which Prussia has hitherto succeeded in keeping at bay or crushing the minor Powers has naturally made Germans look at their position, and at the prospects of their nation, in a new way. They not only feel inclined, like all the world, to join the successful, but it has come upon them as a revelation of a state of things undreamt of, that the German nation was so far from having any national force and influence apart from that which may be infused into it by the leadership of a great Power. In old days, there was a general belief that the Bund was a really strong political body which Austria and Prussia must be allowed to influence in such a way as would give neither a complete control of it. Now, Germany feels herself helpless without Prussia. There is no Germany unless Prussia leads it; and this is the very state of things which Count BISMARCK has for three years been moving heaven and earth to bring about. And at the moment when the thought is running through the minds of men that this new Germany must come into existence, the companion thought also makes itself felt that it is an excellent thing it should be so, and that there is something glorious and noble in owning the supremacy of a nation which could win such a battle as that of Sadowa. The Germans, too, believe, whether rightly or wrongly, that Prussia must become much more Liberal than its Government has been hitherto as soon as the wishes of a National Parliament are made known to Prussia and the world. The more sanguine even go so far as to persuade themselves that BISMARCK, the arch despot, will readily lend himself to the transformation, and that he will try to show, before he has done, that he can be successful as a democrat just as he has been successful as a reactionist. Time only will show this to be or not to be a delusion; but at any rate the delusion exists, and it adds one more reason to the many furnished by the history of recent events why Germany is rapidly becoming

content, and even anxious, that the policy of Prussia should prevail.

Prussia itself and Germany would now, therefore, fall gladly in with the views of Count BISMARCK; but can Austria ever be induced to accept them so long as she is not utterly at the mercy of her enemy? What Count BISMARCK seems to want is that Prussia should incorporate enough of Hesse-Cassel and Hanover to give her a continuous stretch of territory to the Rhine, and that the Elbe Duchies should be added to give her the key, as a naval Power, of the Baltic and the North Sea. The minor States would be spared so far as the extension of Prussian territory would permit. They would have their old Sovereigns over them, and they would manage their own internal affairs just as the Cantons of Switzerland manage their internal affairs, Prussia representing them all diplomatically, and Prussia having the command of all their forces in time of war. A German Parliament would deliberate on the national affairs, and the only point as to the constitution of the Parliament on which Count BISMARCK appears to have made up his mind is that the suffrage shall be very nearly universal. It must occur to every one that this programme is in some respects a very shadowy one. What is to be the relation of a democratic Parliament to such Sovereigns as the Kings of HANOVER and SAXONY? It is not unlikely that Count BISMARCK is well aware how very much would have to be done and decided after the general outlines of the Germany of the future were traced, and were supposed to be accepted; and he may calculate that a bold leader of the guiding power in the new Germany, if taking advantage of and working with and through a democratic Parliament, might not improbably bring about such changes as he might wish. Obviously the tendency of such a man and such a Parliament would be to do away, as opportunity might offer, with all local authorities and obstacles. The Kingdoms of Saxony, Hanover, Wurtemberg, and Bavaria would soon vanish; for a little ruler who had no diplomatic existence and no soldiers, and was under the orders of a democratic assembly composed almost entirely of members foreign to his State could scarcely in decency continue to call himself a King. It is easy to see that the presence of Austria in the new Confederation is not to be reconciled with the character which Prussia wishes to give to it. There are two great and permanent objections to Austria being in the Confederation.

She rules in Germany by the weight, not of her German, but of her non-German, population; and, secondly, she represents a whole set of principles, ideas, and feelings to which the mass of Germans are total strangers, and which, when brought before them, they bitterly dislike. In many respects Austria is better than the Austrian cause, and therefore she often appears to be judged unjustly. What, it may be asked, has she done that she should be thrust out of Germany, over which she ruled, and which long obeyed her with willingness and admiration, centuries before the upstart Kingdom of Prussia was ever dreamt of? The answer is that she has done nothing to deserve this, but that the cause which she upholds in Germany is one that is opposed to what the vast majority of Germans think right, that experience has shown that she cannot avoid identifying herself with this cause, and that she upholds this cause and forces it on Germany by that weight of power which she derives from her non-German possessions. The cause of Austria is the cause of the petty sovereigns, of fatherly government, of Ultramontaniam, of the past; and all those Germans who love this cause cling to Austria, and compel her, if she desires political influence in Germany, to be true to her traditions. It is evident that the exclusion of Austria from Germany would be the greatest blow this cause could receive, and that the opposing ideas which Prussia, with more or less of sincerity, claims to represent, would gain a corresponding ascendancy.

The Emperor of the FRENCH is far too well aware of the real issue at stake between Prussia and Austria to follow the foolish advice of those who would lead him into a difficulty, and to ally himself at all hazards with Austria, simply because a united Germany may be a danger to France. To oppose Prussia is to oppose those ideas on which his own Empire is founded, and on which his foreign policy has been consistently based. Whether he succeeded or failed, he would alike expose himself to great danger. Failure would mean military disaster, the greatest of all risks for a French Sovereign; success would mean that he would have to join Austria in keeping down the German nationality, in upholding a reactionary triumph, in trampling on a bruised and irritated people. Evidently this would entirely alter his whole position in Europe, and would deprive him of that popular support at home and abroad on which he justly relies. Russia, like France, may have some reasons for not liking the

creation of a new powerful and liberal Germany, but she gives no signs of striving to prevent its formation; and England—if, for form's sake, we suppose England has anything to do with the matter—must be delighted at the formation of a powerful State akin to her in race, religion, and political ideas. The extrusion of Austria from Germany would therefore find favour or tolerance everywhere except in Austria, and even there it might be welcomed more readily than now seems likely. The Court of Vienna, of course, and the large body of leading Austrians who think as the Court does, who cherish the old traditions of the Empire, and who believe that the greatness of Austria lies in her influence over Germany, would profoundly regret the change. But long before the war was thought of there were far-seeing men in Austria who were of opinion that the wisest thing Austria could do was to withdraw from the German Confederation. Only those who know the secrets of Austrian administration can pretend to say how much of the misgovernment of which her provinces have had to complain has arisen from the fact that the attention of her rulers has been absorbed in looking after the affairs of Germany. Austrian statesmen have had no time to think of Austria, or to remedy abuses and carry out reforms in Austria, because they have been occupied in following up all the intrigues of the German States and Courts. Nor has any cause worked so powerfully towards the failure of all the schemes of the present EMPEROR for a representative Government and common political action of his provinces as his connection with Germany. The German provinces set a great value on the maintenance of Austria's position in Germany, because it added to their own importance, and confirmed their claim to dominion over all the non-German and, as they said, barbaric provinces of the Empire. Hungary, on the other hand, was reluctant to accept the position thus carved out for her, and stood aloof from Austria because she could not hold what she conceived to be her proper place in an Empire that was not self-sufficient, but was constructed and administered so as to get an indirect share in the government of States that did not belong to her. This was a standing difficulty, which no concessions nor any policy of conciliation could overcome; and Austria can never have any effectual union of her provinces so long as she looks on her place in Germany as the end, and on the union and good government of her provinces merely

as means to this end. Austria will run some internal risk by retiring from Germany, for she has hitherto overawed her provinces by her position as a great German Power; and if she is excluded from Germany, and loses Italy, she may not command the necessary respect at home. But, on the other hand, she cannot go on as she has gone on hitherto. If she has neglected her home affairs, and crippled and ruined herself to keep up her station in Germany, while her prestige remained and while the power of Prussia was unknown, she would have to strain herself in a much more ruinous way to cope with Prussia in Germany now that Prussia has once managed to identify the name of Germany with her own. However much her honourable pride may revolt at the notion of losing what she has held so long and prized so dearly, calm sense may whisper to her, in the hour of reflection which follows defeat, that her retirement from Germany may be the best thing for herself, as others certainly think it would be the best thing for Germany and for Europe.

From the Saturday Review, 21 July.

ENGLAND AND THE CONTINENT.

THE relations of England to the Continental belligerents are, for the present, so plainly determined by circumstances that Parliament would perhaps do wisely to abstain from unnecessary debates on foreign affairs. Lord STANLEY gave, the other evening, the only possible answer to an inquiry founded on a wanton fiction or delusion of some Berlin newspaper. The report that England had given notice of an intention to protect certain contingent rights of succession to Hanover was evidently founded on an entire want of knowledge. It is not the habit of the English Government to use the national resources for the protection of property belonging to the QUEEN's subjects in foreign countries, as long as they are not exposed to illegal oppression; and the reigning branch of the Royal family, descending from a granddaughter of GEORGE III., can by no possibility acquire any title to the Crown of Hanover. On the failure of the present KING and his issue, the Duke of CAMBRIDGE would be the male heir; and even in the days when English politics were most inconveniently affected by the rela-

tions of Hanover, no Minister would have thought of vindicating by diplomacy or by war the contingent claims of a cousin of the reigning Sovereign. If the Duke of CAMBRIDGE, after becoming the head of the House, were himself to die without male issue, the inheritance would devolve on some distant German collateral, who would probably have to trace his lineage from an extremely remote ancestor. The kindred House of BRUNSWICK is itself dying out, and the whole question is as entirely unconnected with English rights or interests as the pedigree of the Kings of SAXONY or BAVARIA. Few persons who attend to political questions have failed of late to reflect with satisfaction on the good fortune which directed England and Hanover into two different lines of succession. It would have been extremely inconvenient to see a Viceroy of the Crown of England defeated in battle or expelled from his seat of government; and although there would still have been no just cause of quarrel with Prussia, prejudice and tradition would perhaps have furnished a temptation to interference. A more perverse employment of English blood and treasure could scarcely be imagined.

Public opinion in this country has been rapidly and profoundly modified by the events of the German campaign. Although thoughtful politicians from the first perceived that the success of Austria would be fatal to liberty and progress, the strong feelings which had been aroused by Count BISMARCK's domestic and foreign policy had created considerable irritation against Prussia. It was more certain that Austria had been forced into war than that any patriotic or beneficial object was to be attained by the victory of the aggressor. General interest in German affairs is of recent origin, and since the Danish war it has been subjected to a natural bias. Probably the majority of educated Englishmen would have preferred the establishment of the hereditary Duke in the Elbe provinces to the far more desirable result of annexation to Prussia. It is always difficult to distinguish the great and permanent interests of nations from the comparatively trifling questions of personal morality which are raised by the conduct of their rulers. Whether Count BISMARCK was a tyrant or a far-sighted statesman was a merely curious inquiry, but in many minds it obscured the great prospect of a new State of the first order taking its place in Europe. There was a sound instinct, though erroneously applied, in the distaste with which extensions of Prussian ter-

ritory were regarded; for, as long as the war was supposed to be undertaken for purposes of personal ambition, the great country which awaited an impulse from the North seemed to be rather the victim of spoliation than the principal gainer by the contest. If Modena and Parma had engaged in war twenty years ago, or if in the fifteenth century Castile had invaded Aragon, the injustice or cupidity of potentates encroaching on their neighbours would have seemed to involve no grave historical issue. The brilliant achievements of the Prussian army and the consummate skill of the Government have, among other and more direct results, almost reversed the current of popular feeling in England. It is not that success is an object of worship, but that the probable results of the Prussian triumphs have become visible to the world at large, instead of being confined to the knowledge of political students. Prussia, which was two months ago supposed to be exclusively influenced by selfish ambition, is now seen to be the champion and representative of Germany. The occupation of the whole territory of the late Confederation from the North Sea to the Main has altered the face of the map by showing the probable limits of a great and independent State, or Federation, of North Germany. As all the subjects of the Central Government will enjoy equal rights, any obnoxious peculiarities of the Prussians will be diluted and corrected; and the wonderful blindness of the Emperor of AUSTRIA in prostrating himself before a foreign Government has completed the demonstration that the interests of Prussia and of Germany are the same. When an official Vienna paper announced that it was the will of the Emperor of the French that AUSTRIA should retain her place in the Confederation, the future pre-eminence of Prussia was accepted by all Germany as the alternative. Many subjects of defeated Governments must have exulted in the discovery that henceforth internal questions would be decided within the national frontier.

Men met each other with erected look:
The steps were higher which they took:
Friends to congratulate their friends made
haste;
And long-averted foes saluted as they past.

Only a few weeks ago, every busybody in Paris was discussing the prize which the victor in the German war must pay to France for any territorial acquisition which he might secure. After the Bohemian cam-

paign there is as much likelihood of the cession of the Rhine provinces as of the cession of Normandy. The abortive Conference was, among other useless topics, to have discussed the German Confederacy: and now there is probably not a Government in Europe which would intrude its opinion on a question of domestic organization. If an Austrian army had occupied Berlin, all difficulties would have merely adjourned, as Northern Germany would never have permanently submitted to a conqueror who would have been regarded as an alien. The Prussians would be in a similarly false position if they attempted to retain their hold on Bohemia or Moravia; but, in establishing a single ruling Power in the North, they have only vindicated national independence.

Lord STANLEY will have an easy task in satisfying the Prussian Government that England has no desire to perpetuate the subdivision of Germany. The sympathy which followed the regeneration of Italy was entirely disinterested; but in Germany English statesmen will recognise, not merely a reunited nation, but a valuable ally. It is perfectly true that, as Lord STANLEY said in his speech at Lynn, the friendship of France will always be valued in England, but there is no security for good-will like freedom from suspicion and consciousness of the power of independent action. The reconstitution of Germany will, if it is once understood and accepted, be highly beneficial to France herself, by removing innumerable temptations to war. It is the desire of England that the Continent should be in a state of stable equilibrium, which can only be obtained when aggression is so dangerous as to be almost impossible. In diplomatic communications it is not necessary to express sentimental predilections, or to assign reasons for a policy which is in itself perfectly intelligible. It would be unpardonable to insult Austria in her distress, or to triumph over the humiliation of the petty princes; but when almost all intelligent Englishmen rejoice in the progress of German unity, the Foreign Minister has no need to maintain a grudging coldness.

If the war is followed by negotiations in which the English Government has to take a part, there appear to be only two causes of danger against which it is especially necessary to guard. It is not improbable that Belgium may be threatened, and that the interminable Eastern question may be re-opened. It is impossible and unnecessary to decide beforehand how far it might be necessary for England in either case to interfere by

force. It is the business of diplomacy to evade and to anticipate the issues of war. The present Ministers have gone far enough, though perhaps not too far, in public assurances of their desire to keep themselves clear of Continental quarrels. They are only too certain to command implicit credence abroad, and none but their most factious opponents at home believe in the warlike propensities with which they have sometimes been charged. Lord STANLEY is well aware that decisions on peace and war are sometimes taken out of the hands of the Government by the country itself. Lord Aberdeen was one of the wisest statesmen of his time, but, on foreign questions, he had but imperfect sympathy with popular feeling. Lord STANLEY will never go beyond public opinion, but in certain contingencies he might perhaps fall short of the demands of his countrymen. There is no probable aggression of Prussia, of Austria, or of Italy which would compromise English interests. If other Powers invade the territory of unoffending neighbours, new questions will arise. In the meantime, it will be prudent to avoid too intimate an identification of English policy with the diplomacy of France.

From the Saturday Review, July 21.

THE WAR.

EVERY day brings the victorious Prussian army nearer to Vienna, or rather brings it nearer to that great field of battle on which the possession of Vienna is to be decided. The Austrians have fallen back as the Prussians have advanced, but they have left BENEDEK with a force roughly computed at 60,000 men in Olmutz, while further north their possession of Theresienstadt bars the direct railway route to Dresden, and that of Königsgratz and Josepstadt bars the direct railway route to Silesia. The Prussians have therefore advanced leaving strong fortresses behind them commanding their main lines of retreat, and, if they were exposed to any great disaster, and had to retreat suddenly with a broken and dispirited army, they would be in a most dangerous position. But it has been evident throughout that the Prussian commanders have thoroughly calculated all the ordinary chances of war, and have come to the conclusion that the enterprise they have undertaken is not

beyond their strength. Hitherto they have shown themselves as prudent as they have been bold, and nothing is more striking in the narratives of the campaign than the extreme precautions which the Prussian Generals habitually take, and the care with which they advance, and keep up their supplies and communications. Moreover, to gain further security, they have brought into Bohemia a new force of 50,000 men under General VON FALKENSTEIN, which, in case of failure, will cover their retreat, and in case of success will turn westwards, and march upon Ratisbon and Munich. They will find the main resistance to their advance at Floridsdorf, about five or six miles to the north of Vienna, and on the line of railway leading to Brünn. The Austrians have there a very strong entrenched camp containing a hundred thousand men, and commanding the road and railway bridges over the Danube. The Prussians must either take this position or they will have to venture on the most hazardous operation of crossing the Danube in face of the enemy. It is much more probable that they will attack Floridsdorf, and then one of the greatest battles of history will be fought under circumstances which place the combatants on a footing of equality. The Austrians will have the important advantage of a defensive position of great strength, and, as the Archduke ALBERT has brought up a large force from Venetia, they will probably have the superiority of numbers. Most of the new arrivals, too, are of excellent quality, being mainly Germans, and inspirited with the recent victory of Custozza. With the EMPEROR at their head, and in sight of the ancient capital they are defending, the Austrian troops are sure to fight their best; and all accounts agree in saying that even the regiments that suffered most at Sadowa are full of confidence, and are eager for another battle. On the other hand, the Prussians are flushed with success; their army is far more homogeneous; they have the needle-gun to befriend them; and experience has shown that in hand-to-hand fights the Austrians are no match for the Prussians, who are stronger and better armed, and much more intelligent than they are. So far, too, as is known at present, the generalship is all on the side of the Prussians. They are commanded by men who can handle large bodies of troops, and can design and carry out a campaign on a large scale. Possibly there may be such men on the Austrian side, but no one knows whether they exist or not, and the supreme command has been given to the Archduke

ALBERT, who needed no display of strategy to win the battle of Custozza, where the Italians simply shut their eyes and ran very hard against stone walls.

But the successes of Prussia have not been confined to those of the main army. They have been equally triumphant in their Western campaign, and this week they have gained possession of Frankfort itself, and forced the wretched rump of a Diet to fly for protection to Augsburg. Neither the Bavarians nor the Federal forces were able to offer any effectual resistance. The defeat of the Bavarians at Kissingen was one of the most striking events of the war. The Bavarians were in a town of their own, and in a position of their own choosing; but the Prussians came up without hesitation, as if sure of victory, saw that the Bavarians had neglected to occupy or destroy a bridge, crossed it, disconcerted the simple plans of their enemies, and drove them into the town, where one of the fiercest struggles of the day took place in the ground floor of a leading hotel. Perhaps nothing could bring home more vividly to English readers what war means than to hear of Prussia conquering Bavaria in the large familiar room where they have been accustomed in English holidays to sit down peacefully at *table d'hôte*. But even at such a moment the Prussians appear to have been as anxious as ever to give no unnecessary offence, and after they had satisfied the claims of duty by killing as many Bavarian soldiers as possible, they instantly began to treat the civilian inhabitants and the trembling foreign visitors with the utmost courtesy and consideration. The Prussians appear to try, almost instinctively, to make instantaneous political capital out of all their successes, and are united in endeavouring to spread the conviction that they and those whom they defeat are all Germans and very good friends. The army of Prince ALEXANDER of Hesse seems to have collapsed entirely, for it was formed of contingents from a number of different States, and each contingent was occupied with the harassing thought that it was being betrayed by the others; or, if the several contingents had any conviction in common, it was that they were all being betrayed by Bavaria. Only Mayence remains to resist Prussia in Northern Germany, and the siege of the fortress has already been begun. When the fortress falls, Prussia will hold all Northern Germany, and, if she is successful before Vienna, Southern Germany will give her no more trouble. The King of BAVARIA has already

opened negotiations for a separate truce, and although, for the present, he seems to have considered the Prussian terms too hard, yet he is evidently only waiting to see whether the Prussians may not suffer a reverse that will give him heart and opportunity to act.

But although the contingents of the minor States have done nothing to justify their existence; and the absurdity of having a number of little Sovereigns each with a little sham army of his own has been made apparent, yet the inefficiency of the soldiers themselves is not a military inefficiency, but springs from political causes. When she guides the contingents of her smaller neighbours, Prussia seems to rely on them with confidence; and the Prussians of the main army are said to have found that few better troops were opposed to them than those of Saxony. The troops of the small States conquered by Prussia must therefore long to be led by her, and she has thus with her not only the peoples but the armies of the minor States, which very greatly improves her present position, and promises well for her future power. How far she will be aided by Italy, before aid is too late, remains as doubtful as ever. News from the Italian army comes very slowly, and no one can be sure that he guesses rightly the plans of CIALDINI; nor will it greatly affect the events of the war that VICTOR EMMANUEL has already remodelled the Government of Venetia. The Quadrilateral and Venice still remain in the hands of the Austrians, and in order to cut off the occupants of those enormously strong positions from their friends in the North, the Italians must get hold of the Italian Tyrol and the valley of the Adige, as well as of the railway from Padua to Udine, Trieste, and Laybach. The Italian fleet has been engaged in operations against Lissa, off the Dalmatian coast, and Admiral PERSANO had probably good reasons for going there, although it seems a long way off from the real centre of war. At all events his iron-clads were successful, after many hours' obstinate fighting, in silencing the enemy's fort, with no great loss to the assailants. The capture of Borgoforte seems to have been creditable to the forces engaged in it; and the Italians, who have not been much accustomed to victory, naturally make the most of this success. GARIBALDI and his volunteers do not get on much; their operations are on a very limited scale, and, even when successful, do not lead to any great results. Impartial observers speak in very contemptuous terms of the behaviour of many of his men, and pronounce

them an idle, useless, noisy set. GARIBALDI himself is, of course, always ready for action, and some of his officers are worthy of him; but the greatest service he is at this moment rendering his country is, probably, that of conciliating the extreme party, and of showing that there is not such a thing as an Italian force which the Italian Government is afraid to employ.

From the Saturday Review, 21 July.

RUSSIA.

THE Russian Government has wisely maintained silence on the great issue which is now convulsing Central Europe. Little confidence can be placed in fragmentary and uncertain inferences from the language of the Petersburg and Moscow papers, for political journalism in Russia is conducted under the puzzling condition of abstaining only from statements which, whether true or false, may not be considered expedient by the authorities. As in France, official inspiration is no security against subsequent disavowal and reprimand; but, with comprehensive and elastic canons of interpretation, it is sometimes possible to ascertain the purpose of irresponsible statements and of ostensibly independent hints and arguments. The belief of Russians in the power of the press has something of the warmth of novelty, and, since the accession of the present Emperor, the Polish controversy has been conducted with extreme official energy by means of innumerable pamphlets filled with apocryphal history and questionable ethnology. If the Government had intended to intervene in the German struggle, public opinion would have been prepared beforehand by plausible expositions of the reasons for sustaining Russian influence. In some respects the rapid progress of the Prussian arms must be highly unpalatable at Petersburg. A client who outgrows the relation of deference and patronage is generally regarded with jealousy by a former protector. For more than one generation Prussia has been the steady ally of Russia, while Austria has on almost all occasions been regarded as a rival and possible opponent. In 1814, England, France, and Austria had formed, on the eve of NAPOLEON'S return from Elba, an alliance against Russia and Prussia; in 1828 and 1830, the ambitious projects of Russia

were countenanced by France and opposed by Austria; and Prince METTERNICH, throughout his long career, was considered both by ALEXANDER I. and NICHOLAS almost a personal enemy. The conquest of Hungary by Prince PASKIEWITSCH in 1849 was one of those services which leave behind them a lasting feeling of resentment; but in 1850 Prince SCHWARZENBURG's antipathy to constitutional principles had secured the confidence of the Russian Government, and the Emperor NICHOLAS sternly imposed a dishonourable peace on FREDERICK WILLIAM IV., for whose person and character he habitually expressed, with indiscreet frankness, a profound and not wholly unmerited contempt. Prince SCHWARZENBURG's menace of a startling act of ingratitude was accomplished by his successors during the Crimean war, and from that time forward the former hostility of Russia to Austria revived with increased acrimony. During the late Polish insurrection, the Prussian Government gave all possible support to the Russian authorities, while the Austrians allowed the Galicians abundant license in displaying their sympathy with their countrymen beyond the border.

If Prussia and Austria were the only States concerned in the present contest, the preference of Russia for the more aggressive Power would not be doubtful; but Count BISMARCK is not of the stuff of which useful instruments are made, and he is visibly emancipating from foreign influence alike in the East and in the West, not only Prussia, but the whole of Germany. The petty Princes of the Confederation, while they depended on Austria for protection against Prussian encroachment, relied on Russia for support against Liberal doctrines and disaffected subjects. Imperial marriages and commands in the Russian army constantly created fresh personal connections, and for more than a hundred years the religious education of German princesses has been adapted to their contingent conformity to the Greek communion. A cadet of Wurtemberg in the last century married three daughters — who thenceforth adopted three religions — respectively to the heir of Russia, to the Emperor of AUSTRIA, and to a brother of the King of PRUSSIA. Henceforward there will be no impediment to similar marriages, but they will involve no political results. It is the apparent interest of Russia as well as of France, though the selfish policy is less cynically avowed by the former, to maintain upon its frontier a cluster of divided States. The Emperor

NICHOLAS declared that he would never tolerate the constitution of a powerful Christian monarchy in the place of the Ottoman Empire, and the new North German Kingdom or Federation will be far more formidable than any substitute for Turkey which could be created in the present generation. The course of events which tends to the liberty and greatness of Germany, and consequently to the welfare and stability of Europe, must be necessarily obnoxious to a Power which exceeds France itself in ambition and restlessness. If the policy of Prussia is as far-sighted as it is bold and adroit, one of the many beneficial results of the present war will be the restoration of North Schleswig to Denmark, and the formation of a permanent alliance with the Scandinavian Powers. No other combination would so gravely endanger Russian supremacy in the Baltic, nor is it impossible that at some future time the claims of Germany might extend to the seaboard of Esthonia and Livonia. Petersburg itself is built on ground which was once partially German, and if the Prussia of the future had been constituted two centuries ago, the territory of Russia would never have extended beyond the Slavonic provinces.

Although Russian statesmen are not likely to overlook obvious considerations of interest, they seem to have prudently determined on acquiescing in the aggrandizement of Prussia. The Princes who have been reduced to dependence or expelled from their dominions have lost their value as allies, and Austria, which had probably reasons for despairing of Russian assistance, has thrown herself into the arms of France. There would be no advantage in provoking a collision with German patriotism, and neutrality or connivance is perhaps exchanged for substantial consideration. As Prussia can never surrender Posen without dismemberment, while Austria might possibly spare Galicia, the support of Prussia against Poland is always secured to Russia. It is also possible that a North German Power might regard with indifference encroachments on the Danube which would be imminently dangerous to Austria. The Russian dominions have reached their furthest Western limit, but the frontier may be almost indefinitely extended on the South. It is, indeed, not unlikely that, when thrown back on Hungary and the Slavonic provinces, Austria may counteract, with increased activity, Russian encroachment on the territory of Turkey; but it is impossible to foresee all future complications, and the immediate advan-

tages to be derived from weakening the power of Austria may be tempting to Russia. There is fortunately at present no appearance of active co-operation between Russia and France; and probably any French interference on the side of Austria would strengthen the inclination of Russia to support Prussia and Italy.

It is worth remarking that, before the German war had commenced, Russia had anticipated all other Powers by concentrating a considerable force upon her frontier. It is not yet known whether the unintelligible little revolution at Bucharest was organized at Paris or at Petersburg, but it was immediately followed by the appearance of a Russian army on the Pruth. At first it was said that a joint intervention had been concerted with Turkey, and afterwards the PORTE was warned that, on passing the Danube, the Ottoman army would encounter a Russian force. For the moment the clever princely adventurer who has seized the vacant throne retains possession of his prize; and if it is true that he has secured the services of an American Confederate General, he may perhaps convert his rabble of soldiers into a tolerably respectable force. Russia, however, will find it easy to cultivate a state of uncertainty and anarchy, and Prince CHARLES is too far from home to derive any practical advantage from his connection with the dynasty of HOHENZOLLERN. In all probability, Russia will attempt to annex the

Principalities before any attempt is made on the proper territory of Turkey. It is true that Wallachia and Moldavia are remote in blood and language from their formidable neighbours, and that, already professing the Orthodox faith, they can scarcely furnish occasion for a pious crusade against Mahometan infidels; but, according to modern practice, they are too weak to stand alone, and perhaps the inhabitants prefer the Emperor of RUSSIA to his only probable competitor. The Austrian Generals, according to the custom of their service, made their occupation of the Principalities during the Crimean war as disagreeable as possible to their temporary subjects or hosts. The absolutism of Austria is less consistent and less inherent in the Imperial system than the despotism of Russia, but it is also less conciliatory and less pliant. If the people of the provinces would acquiesce, the possession by Austria of the mouths of the Danube would not be incompatible with the interests of Europe. The only river on the Continent which is large enough for extensive commerce might almost as well be dried up as consigned to the keeping of Russia. Germany, however, may have something to say on the freedom of its chief Eastern outlet, and, for the first time in modern history, there is ground for hoping that Germany will cease to be a mere name, and that it will acquire a voice. Many consequences of the great change are still obscure.

A MOTHER.

I feel within myself a life
That holds 'gainst death a feeble strife;
They say 'tis destined that my womb
Shall be its birthplace and its tomb.
Oh child! if it be so, and thou
Thy native world must never know,
Thy mother verily must weep
That she may never kiss thy face;
But oh! how lightly thou wilt keep
The forfeit due from Adam's race.
Thou wilt have lived, yet not have wept;
Have died, and yet have known no pain;
And Sin's dark presence will have swept
Across thy soul, yet left no stain.
Mine is thy life, *my* breath thy breath;
I, only, feel the dread, the woe;
And in thy sickness or thy death,
Thy mother bears the pain, not thou.

Life nothing means for thee, but still
It is a living thing I feel,

A sex, a shape, a growth are thine,
A form and human face divine;
A heart with passions wrapped therein;
A nature doomed perforce to sin;
A mind endowed with latent fire
To glow, unfold, expand, aspire;
Some likeness from thy father caught,
Or by remoter kindred taught;
Some faultiness of mind or frame,
To wake the bitter sense of shame;
Some noble passions to unroll
The generous deed, the human tear;
Some feelings which thy mother's soul
Has poured on thine while dwelling near.
All this must pass unbloomed away
To worlds remote from earthly day;
Worlds whither we, by paths less brief,
Are journeying through joy and grief,
And where thy mother, now forlorn,
May learn to know her child unborn.

—Fraser's Magazine.

From the Fortnightly Review.

LES APOTRES.*

THIS work will produce, I apprehend, much the same impression as the "Vie de Jésus." The reader will willingly concede to M. Renan learning, taste, genius, an active fancy (only too active, indeed), and elegance of style; but he will feel, as before, that the author seems hopelessly ignorant of one simple fact,—that it is impossible to build fabrics without materials, to burn down a house and reconstruct it out of the smoke and ashes; hopelessly ignorant of the *Émits* which divide history from fiction.

If a man be allowed to treat his only documents as M. Renan does, it is simply impossible to construct any authentic history at all. This the immense majority of his critics felt in dealing with his "Vie de Jésus," and they will feel much the same in dealing with "Les Apotres."

It is, no doubt, quite possible to eliminate some few incidents, some unimportant details, from any professedly historical documents, and yet, granting the rest to be authentic and genuine, to compose a history out of them. But how, if we reject the greater part as legendary or false? and not only the greater part, measured by mere bulk, but by quality also; all that is most important and characteristic, all for which the world has ever valued the documents, and without which it would regard the residuum of pretended history as fit only for Dr. Dryasdust, or the Antiquary's incomparable "Essay on the hill-fort of Quicken's-bog?" How, if in order to clench the proof that five-eighths of the whole are to be rejected as *per se* incredible, we load the author with suspicion, even where he is dealing with ordinary matters, or charge him with downright tampering with his materials, as M. Renan supposed the *rédauteurs* of the "Gospels," and now supposes the author of the "Acts," to have done? How, if even the last poor fraction of a dividend—mere dry details—*scorie* left at the bottom of the critical furnace—are to be suspected; if even these remains are so full of error that M. Renan is compelled to read them upside down, or, like his Hebrew, backwards? to re-arrange the dates, or re-adjust the circumstances? What if all this be the case? Why then it will be said, that though a man may (as M. Renan had done) give us a romance, he cannot give us a history; his work must, in the nature of things, be the product of guess-work and fancy. It were as feasible

to write a history of the Trojan war out of the Iliad; nay, the task would be much the same. *This too* is founded on fact, as are all the greatest epics and dramas ever produced by human genius. But on how much that is knowable? So little that, except on M. Renan's plan, the history would be very brief. After getting rid of all the superhuman machinery,—of old Chryses and his prayers, of the gods and their transformations, of miracles and prodigies, of the exaggerated achievements of Achilles, and very probably of Hector's death, as but one myth the more where there were so many, and a suspected embellishment of the "self-glorifying" Grecian legend,—the history would be reduced to about as much as this: "Once upon a time there was a city called Troy. The Greeks made war against it, at what date exactly is unknown, as also how many sailed thither, and who were their leaders. The quarrel is said to have been about a woman; and this may be intrinsically probable, inasmuch as a great Roman satirist says that most quarrels have a similar origin. It is said that after a siege reported to be long, but we know not how long, Troy was destroyed; which brings us to the end of this brief eventful history." There is really little difference in the two cases, except that the Iliad has already been accepted as fiction, and therefore no one ever thought how much he must reject if he wished to make an authentic history out of it. The Gospels, on the other hand, have been regarded as authentic history; but if M. Renan's principles of criticism be applied to them they will equally shrink in bulk. We shall reject as much in proportion, and *all* that is most significant. The historical element that is left will be just as infinitesimal both in bulk and importance.

If such a book, purporting to be a history, is only of equal bulk with the rejected documents, it must be, *à fortiori*, as purely fanciful as the original was presumed to be. Yet such history has M. Renan proffered us; nay, he has done much more. It is as if he had not only first reduced the Iliad to nothing by rejecting all its fiction, and then given us the history of Troy out of it, but in a bulk equal to the Iliad and Odyssey together! For the four Gospels are transformed into a volume of no less than five hundred pages, and the Acts of the Apostles into another of four. Before the theory of M. Renan's fictitious Christianity can be fairly launched, it will require ten times as much written matter as was required to make the original Christianity a great fact in the world.

*LES APOTRES. PAR ERNEST RENAN. Michel Lévy Frères. Paris, 1866.

His readers, however, will simply say that they cannot receive his history on such conditions, except by his proving a claim to inspiration or divination; a retro-phetic if not prophetic faculty. Now, as he denies all possibility of men's possessing any such endowments, they also will deny that it is possible to destroy the documents of history, and yet to reproduce it; to reject more than half a document as *per se* incredible, reject half the remainder by the necessity of getting rid of that, throw endless doubt on the rest by damaging suspicions of the authors, and yet, by drawing on conjecture *ad libitum*, resuscitate the history which has been preliminarily destroyed.

Should M. Renan say, in apology for writing history on such conditions, that we see that many books—as Livy's history, for example—contain prodigies and legends which we throw aside, and yet take the history notwithstanding, I reply just as Bolingbroke did (who saw this point as clearly as any Christian can do), that everything depends on the relative value of what is retained and what is rejected. You may omit every legend, argued he, in Livy, and yet the history goes on just as well as before; not to say better. But if you reject all that is miraculous and superhuman in the history of the Bible, all that is necessarily implicated with it, grows out of it, and has no meaning apart from it, you have nothing left;—what you reject is the history. The difference is as between cutting out a corn and cutting off the head. A man may get along quite as well, and indeed a good deal better, without his corn; but what if he has lost his head?

My object in the present article will be simply to show—

I. That a history of the first days of Christianity, if M. Renan's view of his materials be correct, is impossible. And, II. That if such a history were possible, it is still incredible that his history should be the true.

I. In order to see how nearly M. Renan annihilates the materials of his history before he begins to compose it; how little is left which he does not summarily reject in virtue of his (I must so call it) fanatical view of the supernatural, and how uncertain he further makes that little, by necessary implication with such legendary matter, or by a general depreciation of his authorities, in order to reconcile us to such wholesale confiscations, let us look at the poor relics of the Acts after his successive rejections. We shall then be filled with wonder, that so portly a volume of four

hundred pages has grown, not out of such a literary "mustard-seed" as the Acts, but out of less than a third of it.

M. Renan acknowledges that the Acts form the principal part of our sources of the knowledge of the first days of the Christian Church; he agrees that they are the genuine work of Luke, the author of the third Gospel, a disciple of Paul and his fellow-traveller, wherever he so represents himself (and here, we think, M. Renan argues with great candour and acuteness, though, as we think, ruinously for his thesis); and that they were composed in all probability before A.D. 80. Most people, indeed, think earlier; but M. Renan, arguing upon his favourite assumption that there neither is nor can be such a thing as prophecy, has an easy way of showing that the date could not have been earlier. The Acts, he urges, not unreasonably, were composed after the third Gospel; and the third Gospel contains an express prediction of the destruction of Jerusalem, which must therefore have been written after that event! Now that event did not occur till A.D. 70, therefore the third Gospel could not have been composed till after that date, and the Acts later still.

Our author, then, admits that Luke was the writer of the "Acts," and that they were written not later than A.D. 80. Such is his grand authority, his *fons gestorum*. Now, how much of him does he summarily reject? How much of the little that remains is rendered utterly untrustworthy by the hard conditions which compel him to damage his author in order to give greater plausibility to the enormous excisions of the supernatural? We shall soon see.

The book would appear not to be capable of enduring much depletion without vanishing into thin air. Luke is not, like M. Renan, a voluminous writer; the whole of this wonderful book, the very ashes of which, after M. Renan's critical incineration, have mainly enabled him to write so goodly a volume, is contained in about thirty pages of our quarto Bibles! It is not, therefore, a corpulent folio, which may be bled and bled and bled again: it must, if much be taken away, give up the ghost altogether.

Well, then, in the first place, M. Renan utterly discredits the first twelve chapters—i.e. nearly half; and plainly it is a necessity, for they are full of "legendary matter,"—of miracles, and alleged fulfilment of prophecy; in fact, the supernatural. They are no less legendary than the Gospels themselves. But is there not much of the legendary, also, in the subsequent chapters?

Plenty, of course; and it must be ejected by the same summary method. In chap. xiii. you must sponge out the story of Sergius Paulus, and Elymas the sorcerer; in chap. xiv. Paul's healing the cripple, and the consequent apotheosis offered him and Barnabas at Lystra. Chap. xv., though it contains nothing miraculous, is, as we shall see by-and-by, quite untrustworthy on other grounds. Chap. xvi. is almost wholly to be rejected, for we have Paul casting out the spirit of divination, and the miraculous deliverance of Paul and Silas from prison. In chap. xviii. we have one of Paul's visions, which, though not miraculous, but an "hallucination," is not what it purports to be, and is therefore not historic in the sense in which it is related. In fact, all Paul's visions—the result, in plain language, of Paul's being out of his senses—vanish on the same ground. In chap. xix. you must sponge out the legend of the gift of tongues, imparted to those who, having been only baptised with John's baptism, are now baptised in the name of Jesus; the "special miracles wrought by the hands of Paul, and by handkerchiefs brought from his body;" and the Devil's discomfiture of the sons of Sceva the Jew, who attempted to conjure in the name of Jesus.*

Chap. xx. contains the raising of Eutychus from his sleep of death; and chap. xxi. certain supernatural warnings against Paul's going to Jerusalem, the asserted prophetic gifts of Philip's four daughters, a prophecy of Agabus, and a vision of Paul. Chap. xxii. contains the account of Paul's miraculous conversion, already rejected in Acts ix.; and to what M. Renan reduces that, will be seen by-and-by. In chap. xxiii. you must reject—another "vision" of Paul's; that is, another "illusion," which Paul mistook for a supernatural revelation, altogether unhistoric therefore as it stands. In chap. xxvi. we have the narrative of Paul's miraculous conversion again. In chap. xxvii. we have another "vision" on the occurrence of the shipwreck. From chap. xxviii. you must reject Paul's escape

from the "venomous serpent," and the miraculous cure of the "father of Publius," and "many others" in the island. Thus, there is scarcely a chapter in which the sponge is not to be liberally used, and in many nearly the whole is to be erased. The matters retained, and which are insignificant except in connection with the presumed supernatural substratum, would occupy, as near as we can make out, about half the thirty quarto pages.

But is the whole of even this to be received? By no means. In order to show that Luke may have incorporated into his book all these "legendary matters," he invests him with all those infirmities which he has found it necessary to ascribe to him as the author of the third Gospel, and adds others which, almost *totidem verbis*, but certainly by necessary logic, prove that he was also a knave. All this M. Renan does without seeming to recollect that he is thereby annihilating his historic materials, and sawing away vigorously at the bough on which his own feet are planted.

In virtue of his view of Luke's character, the whole of chap. xv., and the entire story of St. Paul's first interview with the Church at Jerusalem,—of the council, of the decree, of its publication and circulation, the cordial understanding between the "twelve" and the Apostle of the Gentiles,—is all a politic fetch of Luke, to conceal the fierce antagonism and hopeless incompatibilities which really divided the Petrine and the Pauline factions. We must, therefore, get rid of nearly the whole of chap. xv., and a part of chap. xxi., for the same reason. In this last case it is impossible not to infer that Luke is deliberately playing the rogue, for he avouches himself to be an eye-witness of the facts, thus identifying himself with that very "we," the use of which M. Renan justly takes for so strong an argument that Luke is really the author. Luke says, "When we were come to Jerusalem, the brethren received us gladly, and the day following Paul went in with us to James, and all the elders were present." In like manner Luke is made to pervert or tamper with the facts in numberless other cases. If the following portrait be true, it is wholly impossible to depend on a syllable he says:—

"In two or three circumstances, his wish to make things smooth—*ses principes de conciliation*—has made him seriously falsify the biography of Paul; he is inexact; and makes omissions very strange in a disciple of Paul" (p. xiv.). "He was ill-informed about Judaism and as to the affairs of Palestine; he

* "And this was known," says Luke, "to all the Jews and Greeks also dwelling at Ephesus, and fear fell on them all, and the name of the Lord Jesus was magnified." Such solemn assurances as these, when it is impossible that Luke should not know what rubbish he was filling his book with, prove that he must have been wholly untrustworthy, and make one wonder that M. Renan should not see that, on his hypothesis, his documents are no better "than old wives' fables." It is impossible to tell on what to rely, and what not. It is clear also that that whole generation must have been demented, to hear, unchallenged, appeals to the notoriety of facts which, if they were not true, must have been known to be egregiously false.

scarcely knew anything of Hebrew" (p. xviii.). "The author seems to avoid saying anything that might wound the Romans. . . . He played much such a part as an Ultramontane historian of Clement XIV. . . . He was the first of those accommodating historians, happily self-satisfied, who are determined to find that everything in the Church is going on after the Evangelical model" (p. xxiv.). "Historical fidelity is for him a thing indifferent — edification is everything" (*ibid*).

Most amusingly does M. Renan infer Luke's strong Roman sympathies from such facts as Paul's pleading his Roman citizenship at Philippi, and the protection sometimes afforded by the imperial magistrates against the persecuting spirit of the Jews. But does not M. Renan see how all this bears on his argument? If these facts really occurred in the history of Paul, how could poor Luke help narrating them just as they were? and how is it to be hence inferred that he was partial to the Romans? If they did not occur, or so occur, does not M. Renan see that he compels us to reject a further indeterminate, but large, portion of what little remains of his history, already exhaling in smoke?

Further: our author says that Luke, having in his Gospel apparently placed the Ascension on the same day as the Resurrection (though he really does nothing of the sort),* deliberately alters his story in the first chapter of the Acts. The latter statement shows, he says, "a more advanced stage of the legend," and makes the Ascension take place at the end of "forty days." M. Renan forgets (who else can forget?) that if it be so, Luke is clearly so hopeless a bungler, or so thorough a rogue, as to make it utterly impossible to receive any statement of his as trustworthy. Suspicion must taint everything.

Even M. Renan finds it somewhat surprising that Luke should have left such a

glaring discrepancy (entirely, however, of M. Renan's own making) between the last verses of his Gospel and the first verses of the Acts, and when he might so easily have removed it. Strange enough, he thinks it sufficient to say that the authors of the Gospels and the Acts troubled themselves but little about accuracy; and, still more strangely, thinks such shameless inaccuracy not at all wonderful in an author who, nevertheless (according to M. Renan's own admission), shows himself, in the latter part of the Acts, "astonishingly accurate!"

Of these charges against Luke, no doubt many of M. Renan's critics will give — what is very easy — abundant refutation. But for me, I simply take him at his word. Let all he says about Luke be true, and he has nothing on which to rely for his history of the "origin of Christianity." He is simply without materials, and he has (as in his former work) been creating history, and not writing it. He has given us a sufficient caveat against relying on anything from such an author as Luke, if only on account of his negligence and blunders; but these, taken in conjunction with the solemn professions at the commencement both of the Acts and of his Gospel, of conscientious research and scrupulous sifting of evidence, prove that he can be no less than an incorrigible knave.

And yet it is from such a document, the materials of which are to be rejected by wholesale, and on whose remaining statements the greatest possible amount of suspicion must rest (as the necessary result of M. Renan's view of Luke's character), that our author tells us the history of the origin of Christianity must be chiefly constructed! What value can attach to his construction, unless M. Renan be inspired, though Luke was not; and unless he has a real power of divining the past, analogous to what he considers the fictitious power claimed by the ancient prophets, of divining the future!

II. I proceed to show that if it were possible to write a history of Christianity on M. Renan's principles, the history he has given cannot be the true.

Strauss regarded M. Renan's "Vié de Jésus" with something of Malvolio's "austere smile" of regard; complimented him, indeed, on his popularity, but at the same time expressed his entire dissent from some very vital parts of his system. In truth it was much as if one heard Ptolemy congratulating Copernicus on the success of his philosophy; for if Strauss was right in those points, it is certain that Renan was egregiously wrong, and if Renan was right, Strauss

(*) It is astonishing to see how completely M. Renan finds in his documents anything he likes, and how completely he loses sight of all that is opposed to a present statement. It is clear that though the verse in Luke recording the ascension comes immediately after the account of the resurrection, no note of time connects them; and it is plain that Luke could not have meant that the ascension took place on that day, for he has described the appearance of Christ to the disciples after the return of the two from Emmaus, and when it was already night. It is curious that M. Renan can see clearly, when it answers his purpose, that the Evangelists do not intend to imply that consecutive incidents are to be always taken as immediately following one another in point of time. See p. 33, where, strange to say, this very case is brought forward (when our author wishes to disintegrate the recitals in John xxi.) as an example of the practice of the Evangelists of giving, as consecutive, facts separated by months or weeks!

was egregiously wrong. What the latter will say now, I know not; but if he has any of an author's love of his offspring, it is to be apprehended that though he may still "smile," it will be with tenfold "austerity;" for he will see that in many places throughout this volume M. Renan's system is little better than a resuscitation of that of Paulus of Heidelberg, and the other naturalistic interpreters, to which it was imagined that Strauss himself had given the *coup de grâce*, and which had by its Talmud of absurdities wearied out the patience of all mortal men. Strauss's work really did excellent service in this respect; and though a triumph over such a phantom may be supposed as small an achievement as Don Quixote's victory over the wine skins, the work was done *con amore*, and with entire success. He will be petrified to see the monster so often pierced by his critical sword, coming to life again, like one of those champions in the Valhalla, who was no sooner slain than he rose to his feet, ever ready to renew the contest. Yet so it is. M. Renan might have been a sort of Rip Van Winkle, and slept through the din of the critical strife of the last forty years, for any effect that the innumerable refutations of Paulus and his school have produced upon him. As that school resolved every miraculous occurrence of the New Testament into some misinterpreted natural phenomenon or ordinary incident, transformed by the simplicity or zeal or morbidly excited fancy of Christ's disciples into the supernatural; as these men were constantly and often simultaneously (wonder of wonders!) making these blunders; taking flaming flambeaux for stars, white grave-clothes for living and speaking men, Roman soldiers for angels, electric phenomena for the Transfiguration or the Descent of the Spirit, and a thunderstorm for half a hundred things; so M. Renan is perpetually working out his intractable problems by essentially the same machinery. The difference is mainly this; the phlegmatic German would perhaps attribute more to the stolidity—not to say stupidity—of the good folks who thus took "wind-mills for giants;" M. Renan, with a more mercurial temperament, would chiefly attribute their eccentric transformed "sensations" to a distempered imagination, or rather to downright maniacal illusions. Both theories suppose the hallucinations to be frequent, and often simultaneous in many different individuals; so that all at the very same time see the same visions, and dream the same dreams, and ever after obstinately take them for sober realities!

It is hardly worth while at this time of day, and after Strauss's demolition of all the idle fancies of the elder naturalism, to ask how the wonderful men, who have left us a religion which M. Renan acknowledges to be "a new religious code for humanity," and consigned it to such documents as have ever since kept the world spellbound in enchanted error, could be such "moon-calves." I shall content myself with laying before the reader some of the examples of M. Renan's application of his principles, perfectly convinced that most people—even the majority of sceptics themselves—will say, "In whatever way the original transactions for which it is sought to account took place, sure we are it was not in this way;—it is impossible to believe that a number of persons should go suddenly, simultaneously, harmoniously, and unalterably mad, unless we become as mad as they; and if it were so, it is just as easy to believe a miracle in the ordinary sense." To suppose that such a system can be any defence to the sceptic, is to mistake a sieve for a shield. And, first, let us trace the genesis of the Resurrection, as to which, whether the Apostles "dreamed dreams," or not, Paulus and M. Renan certainly do.

It is, I know, a difficult point to manage. Even Strauss (who acknowledges that the revolution which took place in the character and bearing of the Apostles seems to indicate that something extraordinary had transpired in the interval between the death of Christ and the day of Pentecost) evidently finds it hard to account for the facts on his much-enduring system of myths.* Events, in truth, were too quick for their slow growth. No forcing-frames could produce such prodigious mythical mushrooms

* M. Renan also admits that at the entombment of Christ his disciples were, as they naturally would be, plunged into profound despair of their Master's cause. If it be supposed, as it well may, difficult to conceive how they should so easily be duped by their own morbid illusions, M. Renan meets this antecedent improbability by feigning (what is not very consonant to human experience when once death has set its seal on our hopes) that "Death is a thing so absurd when it strikes down the man of genius or the hero that the common people believe not in the possibility of such an error of nature. Heroes never die." (p. 3.) M. Renan cites, as an instance of a like enthusiasm, a somewhat unlucky example: "At the moment of Mahomet's death Omar rushed out of the tent sabre in hand, and declared that he would strike off the head of whoever should say that the prophet was dead." Nevertheless, neither Omar nor any one else believed otherwise. In striking contrast with our author's rhetorical flourish is the express and reiterated declaration of the Evangelists (of which, however, he takes little notice) as to the persistent incredulity with which the Apostles received the tidings of their master's resurrection; none (if we are to believe them) receiving the fact on any other evidence than his personally appearing to them.

in so short a time. Even he, therefore, without adopting it, seemingly relents a little towards the "natural system" which he had so often transfigured with his critical arrows. He takes care, it is true, not to commit himself to it, nor attempts to justify it as applied in detail. On the contrary, he is too cautious for that, and admits that if it be resorted to as a general solvent of the facts related in the Gospels, it must break down.* Here he shows his judgment. I suspect he will hardly thank M. Renan for attempting to approach the facts too nearly, and pretending to disclose the very psychological springs, wheels, and wires by which the automaton seemed endowed with a preternatural life. M. Renan appears to have a consciousness, after some essays of this kind, that his efforts will not prove perfectly successful, for he concludes his second chapter by saying, "Let us draw the veil over these mysteries. In a religious crisis, everything being considered Divine, the greatest effects may be produced by the most contemptible causes (*des causes les plus mesquines*)."

This does not seem very satisfactory; and as M. Renan has not "drawn a veil over these mysteries," but given us a conjectural history of them, the reader must be admitted to see a little of the machinery and more remarkable properties of his little theatre. If I mistake not, even those who are inclined to sympathise with M. Renan's conclusions will feel that he is not prudent in attempting to resolve the grand phenomena of Christianity into such *causes mesquines*, and that it is wiser to speak of possible "myths," or possible "blunders" of heated enthusiasts, without special application to details; in short, that prudence should lead the sceptic to throw almost as deep a veil over these mysteries as that with which the veneration of Christians clothes them. But the reader shall judge for himself, by seeing how, in the absence of historical vouchers, M. Renan can give the true *rationale* of the "apparitions" of Christ to Mary Magdalene, to the two disciples going to Emmaus, to the assembled apostles at Jerusalem, to the disciples at the lake of Tiberias, and to the crowd at his Ascension.—In the extracts the italics are our own.

Our author considers the real author of the Resurrection to be Mary of Magdala. He tells us (as usual, varying and supplementing the Gospel narrative with discov-

eries of his own), that when Mary "found the body gone," the "idea of its *profanation* presented itself to her, and *revolted* her; perhaps a gleam of hope"—M. Renan cautiously prepares his way—"darted across her mind." She hastens (as the Evangelists also say) to tell Peter and John. When they have paid their visit and departed, "Mary remained alone, by the side of the tomb. She wept abundantly. One thought alone pre-occupied her: 'Where have they laid the body?' Her woman's heart went no farther than a longing once more to embrace the well-beloved remains." The exquisite simplicity of the Gospel narrative is not improved by M. Renan's sentimental rhetoric; but we may pardon that. He then proceeds to the decisive moment, in which the dogma of the Resurrection was born. "All at once she hears a slight noise behind her. A man stands there.* She thinks at first it is the gardener. 'Ah' she exclaims, 'if thou hast borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away.' In reply, all she hears is that she is called by her own name. It was the voice" (i.e. it was not the voice, but Mary's "idealism" thought it was the voice) "which had so often made her heart leap. It was the accent of Jesus. 'O my master,' she cries. She would fain touch him. A sort of instinctive movement carries her to kiss his feet. The light vision recedes, and says to her, 'Touch me not.' Little by little the shade vanishes. But the miracle of love is accomplished. What Cephas could not do, Mary has done" (pp. 10, 11). . . . "Peter saw only the empty tomb; Mary loved enough to transcend the bounds of nature, and to give life to the phantom of the exquisite Master" (p. 12). "In these sorts of marvellous crises" (M. Renan vaguely says) "it is nothing to see, when others have seen. The glory of the Resurrection, then, appertains to Mary Magdalene. After Jesus, it is Mary who has done most for the foundation of Christianity" (p. 13). Pardon us, M. Renan, she did much more than Jesus, if your former statement (p. 10) be correct: that with the conception of the Resurrection, "le dogme générateur du christianisme était déjà fondé." "Queen and Patron of Idealists" (our rhapsodist runs on), "Mary knew better than anybody to give reality to her dream, and to impose

* See vol. iii., p. 369, 4 ed., En. Tr. In the recent edition he seems to approach M. Renan's position in the stress he lays on the "illusions" of Mary Magdalene, as the initial step in the development of the Resurrection.

* M. Renan is, of course, obliged to omit as well as to insert. Other and previous hallucinations are to be accounted for if the narrative is to be taken at all. Mary had already had the vision of the angels, and had fancied that they spoke to her and she to them in a most intelligible way.

on every one the holy vision of her passionate soul. Her sublime woman's affirmation (*affirmation de femme*), 'He is risen,' was the basis of the faith of humanity. Avaunt! impotent reason. Dare not to apply a cold analysis to this masterpiece of idealism and love. If Wisdom refuse to console our poor human race, betrayed by fate, let Folly try the adventure. Where is the sage who has given the world as much joy as the possessed Mary of Magdala? "If she gave it, no "sage," it must be admitted, has given half as much; but M. Renan is at least a proof that if no "sage" can give the world such joy, it is at least possible to find a "sage" who does his utmost to take exactly as much away!

To make out this story, it is necessary, of course, to re-write the history. But even granting that Mary *might* be a maniac, and be the sport of these maniacal illusions, it might still be difficult to explain how she prevailed upon the world — which is daily favoured with plenty of maniacal revelations, of which it is not very tolerant — to receive her recital as fact.

The answer is, that all the disciples became mad together! And so now for the case of the two disciples going to Emmaus; — which, however, presents greater difficulty. For though poor crazy Mary (who, bedizened with so much rhetorical millinery as M. Renan has loaded her with, looks a good deal like Madge Wildfire in her Sunday finery) may mistake a gardener — or somebody — or anybody, for her "well-beloved" and "exquisite Master," and anybody's accent and voice for his accent and voice, it may be not so easy to get two people, and especially in company, to do the like. Nothing more easy, thinks M. Renan; any of the disciples — singly, by twos, by threes, and altogether — may be thus be fooled.

"The two disciples talked together of the late events, and they were full of sadness. On the road a stranger joins them, and asks them the cause of their sorrow. . . . He was a pious man, versed in the Scriptures, and ready in citing Moses and the prophets. These three good folks got intimate with one another. On the approach to Emmaus, as the stranger was about to continue his route, the two disciples begged him to take his evening meal with them. The day was declining; the remembrances of the two disciples became more poignant; that hour of the evening meal they all recalled '*avec plus de charme et de mélancolie!*' How often had they seen, at that very hour, the well-beloved Master forget the cares of the day in the abandon of gay conversation, and animated by some drops of generous wine, speak of the wine he would drink new with them in his Father's kingdom. . . .

The gesture with which he used to break the bread and offer it to them, after the manner of the master of the house among the Jews, was profoundly engraven on their memory. Full of a sweet sadness, they *forgot* the stranger;" (how he comes to break the bread as master of the house, M. Renan does not explain); "it is *Jesus* they see holding the bread, then breaking and offering it. These *souvenirs* so pre-occupied them that they did not perceive that their companion, pressed to continue his journey, had left them. . . . The conviction of the two disciples was that they had *seen Jesus*. They went thack in all haste to Jerusalem" (pp. 20, 21).

Hereupon a similar "hallucination" takes possession of all the assembled disciples. "They greatly were perplexed;" and M. Renan who is, as usual, on some points better informed, or at least *otherwise* informed, than were the Evangelists, tells us how they were engaged. "Each told his impressions, and the reports he had heard. The general belief," — contrary to the express declaration of the Gospels, — "already willed that Jesus had risen. . . . The two disciples recounted what had happened to them. . . . The imagination of all was vividly excited. The doors were shut for fear of the Jews. Cities in the East are dumb after sunset. The silence then, within, was very profound; all the little noises produced by chance were interpreted in the sense of the universal expectation. Expectation ordinarily creates its object. In an interval of silence, a light breath passed over the faces of the assembly. In those decisive moments," M. Renan goes on, "a current of air, a creaking window, a chance murmur, fix the belief of a people for ages. At the same time that the breathing was felt, they *thought* they heard sounds. Some said they had distinguished the word *Schalom*, 'Peace.' It was the ordinary salutation of Jesus, and the word by which he signified his presence. It is impossible to doubt any longer; *Jesus is there*; — there, in the midst of them. It is *his* voice; each recognises it" (pp. 21, 22). A pure fancy-piece, of course, and *per se* a tissue of improbabilities. Meantime the Evangelists know nothing of the business, though they say more in half the compass: they know nothing about "little noises," or that the disciples fancied they heard something; but they make clear, positive avowment that Jesus appeared in the midst of them and spoke to them. "Some pretended," adds M. Renan, arbitrarily transposing as is his wont, the incidents of the Evangelists, and shifting the time and circumstances; "some pretended that they had seen the mark of the nails in his feet and hands."

Then come, in another chapter, the scenes by the lake of Tiberias, with more wonders of simultaneous hallucination still. "Once the disciples had fished all night and caught nothing. All at once their nets are filled. It was a miracle. It seemed to them that one had said to them from the shore, 'Cast your nets on the right side.' Peter and John looked at one another. 'It is the Lord,' said John. Peter, who was naked, hastily threw his fisher's coat about him, and threw himself into the sea to rejoin the invisible adviser" (p. 32). I say nothing of the perfectly arbitrary version here, as everywhere, given of the narrative. Suffice it to say that, apparently, in order to keep the "invisible adviser" invisible still, M. Renan supposes this incident occurring at a quite different time from that which John has immediately connected with it, — i.e. the scene by the fire which they find kindled on the shore; for it was our author's prerogative to separate incidents which he finds conjoined, as well as to join incidents which he finds separated. And so M. Renan, with his usual formula (which reminds one irresistibly of the nursery-story style), begins again: "One day, at the close of their fishing, they were surprised to find a fire of coals, fish placed thereon, and bread by the side." As usual, a vivid *souvenir* of the repasts of "auld lang syne" came over their minds, and as usual with these thrice crazy enthusiasts, a "memory" of the past becomes a fact of the present. "Bread and fish always made an essential part of those feasts. Jesus was in the habit of offering them. After the repast, the disciples were persuaded that Jesus was seated at their side, and had presented these viands to them" (p. 33). Here again the narrative of the only document we have is altered to a degree which makes it perfectly ludicrous in anybody to accept the new version as the true history; and if it were otherwise, the psychological miracle is quite as hard to swallow as a physical one. — But it is all in the same style. "One day Peter (perhaps in a dream) thought he heard Jesus three times ask him, 'Lovest thou me?' and Peter, all possessed with a sentiment tender and sad, imagined himself replying each time, 'Lord, thou knowest that I love thee;' and at each time the apparition said, 'Feed my sheep'" (p. 53). The remaining incident in the chapter, respecting the fate of John, still makes another dream, which the stupid Peter mistook for reality (p. 34).

But the crowning feat of simultaneous hallucination is enacted on the occasion of

the Ascension. "One day," says M. Renan, "when, under the guidance of their spiritual chiefs, the faithful Galileans were standing on one of those mountains to which Jesus had often conducted them, they thought they saw him again. The air upon these heights is full of strange *miroitements*." (A convenient optical property of these mountains, but warranted to produce such effects only on this one occasion.) "The same illusion which at a former time* had seized even the most intimate of the disciples, was once more produced. The assembled crowd imagined they saw the divine spectre figure itself in the ether; all fell upon their faces and adored" (p. 35). "The sentiment," mysteriously adds M. Renan, "which the clear horizon of these mountains inspires, is the amplitude of the world, with the desire of conquering it." And so the disciples went forth on their presumed commission to "teach all nations." Whether the "mountains," which M. Renan knows so much about, "inspired" him also with any similar desire of "conquering the world," at least all Christendom, it is hard to say; and if so, it was certainly a "miroitement" that deceived him.

By the day of Pentecost, the tendency of the disciples, thus on all occasions simultaneously to transform almost anybody they met with into their lost Master, was considerably abated; but the "hallucinations" merely took a new form, due to their fanatical expectations of "the descent of the divine Spirit." "These feelings and expectations," says M. Renan, with wonderful precision and courage, "are daily reproduced (in part by reading the Acts of the Apostles) in English or American sects of the Quakers, Jumpers, and Irvingians; among the Mormons; in the camp-meetings and revivals of America. We have seen them reappear among ourselves in the sect called 'Spiritists'" (pp. 61-2). But he adds, "An immense difference must be made between aberrations without significance and without a future, and the illusions which accompanied the establishment of a new religious code for humanity" (*ibid*). Everybody must grant that; but what people ask is, 'How shall we know that 'aberrations' which it seems change the face of the world and establish a new religious code for humanity, are identical with such as have no significance and no future;' such as make the subjects of them

* Here M. Renan confirms his statement by a reference to the Transfiguration.

the laughing-stock or the pity of the world, or get them shut up in Bedlam? And if these illusions of insanity ever did thus succeed, how is it they did so, except on the supposition that the world was as mad as the victims of them? On the other hand, if madness really originated and published "the religious code of humanity," how came it in this one case to do more than all the "sages" did? It is enough to make one wish that all the world were mad too.

However, let us hear the mechanical *rationale* of Pentecostal illusions. "Among all the 'descents of the spirit,'—which appear to have been tolerably frequent,—there was one which left on the infant Church a profound impression" (p. 62). "One day, when the brethren were assembled, a storm broke out." (Nothing, as already said, like a storm for the naturalists). "A violent blast blew open the windows; the heaven was on fire. Storms in these countries are accompanied by a prodigious disengagement of light; the atmosphere is, as it were, furrowed on all sides with sheaves of flame; whether the electric fluid had penetrated into the chamber itself, or whether a dazzling flash had suddenly illuminated the faces of all, they were convinced that the Holy Spirit had entered, and that it had rested on the head of each under the form of tongues of fire. . . . That idea gave rise to a series of singular ideas, which held a grand place in the *imaginings of the time*" (pp. 62-3).

I will take another striking example of M. Renan's unlimited license of substituting his own fancies for the documents he has destroyed, and his fearless adoption of much of the strained naturalism of old Paulus and his *confrères*, in the attempt to give plausibility to his theory. That example is the conversion of St. Paul.*

The Acts say that Paul was a willing party to Stephen's death, and "made havoc of the Church, entering into every house, and taking men and women, committed them to prison;" and in so saying, say nothing but what Paul in his Epistles says of himself. Meantime, it is revealed to M. Renan (shocked at the sudden change afterwards produced in this furious homicide) that "often the resignation of his victims astonished him, and he felt, as it were, remorse; he imagined that he heard those

pious women who 'waited for the kingdom of God,' and whom he had cast into prison, saying to him during the night, with a sweet voice, 'Wherefore do you persecute us?' The blood of Stephen, which had almost spirited upon him, sometimes presented itself to his troubled eyes. Many of the things he had heard of Jesus *went to his heart*. That superhuman being, who sometimes broke from his ethereal life to reveal himself in brief *apparitions, haunted him like a spectre*. But Saul repelled such thoughts with horror" (pp. 148-9). The history tells us nothing of all this: it tells us that "Saul, still breathing out threatenings and slaughter, procured letters, commissioning him" to harry and worry the inoffensive Christians, "even unto strange cities," and amongst others, Damascus. It does not tell us by what route he went; but M. Renan is equal to all emergencies, and says "that *without doubt* he crossed the Jordan *au Pont des filles de Jacob*." But other and far more important *hiatus* are also filled up. The history says nothing of what was passing in St. Paul's mind any more than about the route he took; but M. Renan does. "The exaltation of his brain was at its height. He was at times troubled and confounded. . . . Was he sure, after all, that he was not opposing the work of God? . . . He sank under the *charm* of those he persecuted. The more one knew of them,—those good sectaries,—the more one loved them. Now, *nobody could know them so well as their persecutor*.* At times he thought he saw the sweet face of the Master who inspired his disciples with so much patience regarding him with an eye of pity and tender reproach. What they had told of the apparitions of Jesus, as of an aerial being, and sometimes visible, struck him exceedingly" (pp. 175-6). Then comes a brief, and as usual (for here M. Renan is quite at home), a lively description of the scenery. The neighborhood of Damascus, he says, is a paradisaical contrast to the scenery of Iturea and Gaulonitis. "If Paul met with terrible visions there, it is because he carried them in his own soul." The history indeed is wholly silent as to the apostle's cogitations,

* This is at least undeniable. No one knows lambs so well as the butcher. M. Renan's *naïveté* reminds us of a story told of a New Zealand savage. Some Englishmen had been talking of a friend they had long missed. "He was a nice man," said one of them. "Yes," said the New Zealander, who had been listening, "he was a nice man." "How?" said one of the Englishmen, "did you know him?"

"Know him!" said the savage; "I eat him." It was the same sort of intimate knowledge, if we may trust the Acts, or if we may trust St. Paul himself, that the future Apostle had of these "good sectaries."

* If the reader will look into Kuinoel's account of Paul's conversion—itsself a *rificimento* of the comments of several of the naturalistic school—he will see an anticipation of nearly all M. Renan has said, and sometimes almost in the very words.

and gives only five or six verses to the recital even of the miracle itself. But M. Renan is far more communicative. His historic muse is an effective prompter: like Flibbertigibbet behind the dull giant at the gate of Kenilworth, she sticks a pin into him, and he starts up, and, with like volubility, pours forth a flood of rhetorical declamation. "Each step that the apostle took towards Damascus awakened in him urgent perplexities. The odious part of a butcher, which he was about to play, became insupportable to him. The houses he begins to catch sight of are, perhaps, those of some of his victims. That *thought besieges him*; he slackens his pace; he would fain not go on. He imagines that he is *resisting a goad which pricks him*" (p. 179). Here M. Renan refers us for confirmation to Acts xxvi. 8, where, however, Paul says that Christ said to him, "It is hard for thee to kick against the goad." Other information M. Renan has to give respecting Paul's body as well as his mind: "The fatigue of the journey, joined to this pre-occupation of mind, upsets him. He, from what appears" (for confirmation M. Renan in his foot-note refers to Acts xx. 8), "was suffering from inflamed eyes, perhaps the commencement of ophthalmia. In these prolonged journeys the last hours are the most dangerous. All the debilitating tendencies of the past days accumulate; the nervous forces relax; a reaction takes place; perhaps also the sudden passage from the plain, scorched by the sun, to the fresh shade of the garden suburbs, brought on a fit in the sickly organisation, greatly shaken, of the fanatic traveller" (p. 179). Poor Paul! light or shade, or the passage from the one to the other, are equally fatal to him! "Pernicious fevers, accompanied by delirium, are, *dans ces parages*, altogether sudden. In a few minutes one is, as it were, blasted. When the fit has passed, the patient retains the sensation of profound night, traversed by lightnings, in which he sees images depicted (*se dessiner*) upon a black ground" (pp. 179-80).

M. Renan thinks that, from the recitals we possess, it is impossible to say whether any "external event led on to the crisis which gained for Christianity its most zealous apostle:" that is, as usual, he contradicts the most express statement of his ruined document, and re-writes the history. — But this, he says, is of little consequence. He thinks the remorse, of which the history says not a syllable, was the true cause of Paul's conversion, not to mention the other natural causes he has suggested — inflamed eyes, incipient ophthalmia, brain fever and delir-

ium, the heat of the sun, the coolness of the shade, and the passage from the one to the other. But M. Renan's revelation, though not distinct as to whether there was any external concurrent or not, does not leave us wholly in the dark. That same thunderstorm which has so often befriended the naturalistic interpreters, which did M. Renan such service on the Day of Pentecost, and which old Paulus particularly invoked on this trying occasion of Paul's conversion, M. Renan thinks may have occurred, and had some share in the effect. "It is not improbable that a thunderstorm may have occurred all of a sudden" (and here he refers with admirable precision in his foot-note to Acts ix. 3, 7). "The flanks of Hermon are the point of formation of thunderstorms which nothing can equal in violence. The coolest courage cannot traverse these frightful torrents of fire without emotion. It is necessary to bear in mind that, in the estimate of antiquity, accidents of this kind were Divine revelations; that, with the ideas they then had of Providence, nothing was fortuitous; each man had the habit of referring to himself the natural phenomena which passed around him" (p. 181). But M. Renan will not be quite sure of any thing except the "*remorse*." Whether the delirium of a fever or ophthalmia had upset Paul, whether a *coup de soleil* had given him the *coup de grâce*, whether lightning had smitten him with blindness, or whether a thunder-storm had toppled him over and produced a cerebral concussion which obliterated for a time his sense of sight and his common sense too, he leaves uncertain. But one thing is certain: "the *souvenirs* of the Apostle in this matter appear to have been sufficiently confused." Here, again, it is true, the unfortunate document expressly asserts the contrary; for St. Paul declares that he spoke "the words of truth and soberness" when he gave an account of his conversion to Agrippa.

But though not quite clear about the thunderstorm, M. Renan soon resumes the wonted precision of his revelation. "What did the Apostle see? He saw the figure which had *pursued him some days past*; he saw the *phantom* which had been the subject of so many popular rumours" (p. 182). "The intensity of his blindness and delirium did not diminish during three days; a prey to fever, Paul neither ate nor drank. What passed during that crisis in his burning brain, doting under strong commotion, may be easily *divined*" (p. 184). And M. Renan begins to divine it indeed, in a style which shows once more how he can not

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only write history without documents, but in the very teeth of them. "They spoke to Paul of the Christians of Damascus, and in particular of a certain Ananias, who seemed to be the chief of the community. Paul had often heard their miraculous powers of healing boasted of; the *idea* that the imposition of their hands might rescue him from the state in which he was, seized him. His eyes were still very much inflamed. Amongst the illusions which chased one another through his brain, he *fancied* he saw Ananias enter and make the gesture of salutation common with the Christians. From that moment he was persuaded that his cure must come from Ananias. Ananias was duly advertised of this; he came, spoke *doucement* to the patient, called him 'brother,' laid his hands on him," and the thing of course is done. Paul "*thought* himself cured, and the malady being specially a nervous one, he was so" (p. 185).

It was a sufficient reason for rejecting M. Renan's account of Paul's conversion, that—as we have so often insisted—it is pure fancy, written in simple defiance, or rather, after utter demolition, of the only ancient documents that tell us anything about the matter, and substituting his own mere conjectures for the facts which he has discarded.

But few will hesitate to say that the theory itself is—not only beset with enormous improbabilities—but full of "psychological miracles;" at utter variance with all the traits of Paul's character, as read by his undoubted achievements, his still extant writings, and the veneration of the world.

Lord Lyttleton, one of the most diffuse and also one of the most concise of English writers (for it took him six volumes octavo to write the history of Henry II., and about one hundred pages to demonstrate the truth of Christianity from the life of the Apostle Paul), long ago showed the gross inconsistency of supposing Paul to be either impostor or fanatic, and that nothing but the truth of the history would account for the absolute and sudden revolution of his whole nature, and his thirty years' career of immeasurable labours, toils, and sufferings, in behalf of the "faith which he had once destroyed." On this narrow field alone, and putting out of sight all the great masses of argument in behalf of the truth of Christianity derived from other sources,—moving within this little cycle of events, and on this contracted line of proof,—this author undertook to show that the truth of Christianity was impregnable. And if he has not demonstrated it, at all events the book, as Dr. Johnson

said in his time, and as we may say in ours, has never been refuted; like Butler's "Analogy" and Paley's "Horæ Paulinæ," it still awaits the confutation of some adventurous sceptic.

One half of his argument, namely, that in which he proves that Paul could not be an impostor, would now probably be conceded by all Christendom, and would certainly be affirmed by M. Renan himself. Probably no one would dare to speak of the Apostle in terms in which the coarse Deism of the last century often spoke of him.

It is a proof that controversy is not altogether in vain; and that though progress is slow, yet there is progress. Nor is there ground for despair that, after the sifting investigations of these days, men will feel as little disposition to consider the Apostle a fool or fanatic, as they now feel to brand him as impostor or knave. But it were almost as easy to regard him as a knave, as to take the view which M. Renan does of him. It is impossible to recognize in the weak, doting dreamer depicted by our author, the masculine lineaments of the Apostle, whether viewed before or after his conversion; nor is any reason given for the stupendous revolution which *did* take place in him. In whatever point of view we look at him, he becomes on this theory a monster of incongruities, and his whole subsequent character, achievements, and influence in the world, incomprehensible.

1. As to the purely fanciful and spontaneous remorse ascribed to him, we have not only his positive declaration that he felt none up to the moment of his conversion, but that he heartily approved of what he had done and was *then* doing, and thought that he was doing "God service" in it. And as he says this, so what he says is profoundly true to the philosophy of human nature. He was a fiery zealot for the Law, and impatient to sweep from the earth, by a sharp and consuming persecution, those whom he regarded as its impious enemies. Such characters, once familiar with persecution (and Paul, as he himself tells us, was deep in blood,) * do not suddenly change their iron purpose, nor listen to the faint whispers of remorseful compassion. Like Lord Strafford, they are "thorough;" and it would be as reasonable to suppose a De Montfort, or a Spanish Inquisitor, or a Bonner, suddenly arrested by spontaneous remorse, as to imagine St. Paul being so.

2. His whole previous religious character is at war with such a revolution. He was

(*) "I persecuted this way unto the death,"

self-righteous in grain : to exhibit the perfect ideal of the then Jewish sanctity — to be the pink of Pharisaism — was, he tells us, the ambition of his life ; he was not only “ a Hebrew of the Hebrews,” so he himself says, but a “ Pharisee of the Pharisees ;” and of these characters Christ himself had foretold, what was true to human nature in that day, and will be so through all time, that the openly vicious and profane might be sooner touched by the spirit of Christianity than they : “ The publicans and the harlots enter the kingdom of heaven before you.”

3. It is impossible to account by any such theory for that instant and complete extinction of the pride of soul, the imperious will, the fiery ambition, which, by St. Paul's own portraiture of himself, distinguished him when a persecutor ; and the display, throughout his whole after-life, of a more absolute prostration of soul before another, and a more complete absorption in the being of another (and that other but the moment before regarded as a justly crucified malefactor), than the world has ever witnessed. M. Renan may perhaps say that Paul still had a strong will, still had fiery ambition ; and in one sense he had : but it was the ambition of being nothing, that Christ might be all ; it was the will to be lost, forgotten, in the glory of his Master. Such was his unconquerable devotedness, from the very moment of his conversion, to the Master whose cause he had so bitterly opposed, that for Him he was willing “ to endure the loss of all things ;” in his estimate “ all things were dross, that he might win Christ.” The allegiance of soul, the surrender of his whole nature to the abhorred malefactor he had the instant before deemed Christ to be, was absolute and for ever.

Now the intensity of that love with which the Jewish zealot glowed towards his Master, is not only (as it ought to be) plenary proof of the earnestness and honesty of his convictions, but that those convictions in such a character as his could be produced only by the most overmastering evidence. There is something unspeakably sublime and affecting in the self-oblivion of the Apostle. Not only can none accuse him of any oblique ends or sordid designs, but he is so anxious to exhibit his Master to men's admiration, that himself, his interests, his prejudices, nay, his estimation in the very churches he planted after his conversion, — everything gave way to this one feeling. All went without a sigh or a murmur in the gratification of this intense passion. No extremity of toil or suffering in-

timidated him ; he is ready to submit to any ignominy rather than that one loved Name should be evil spoken of, or offence given to the meanest subject in his Master's kingdom. He is willing not only to be defrauded of the honour of his labours, and superseded in the affections of his converts, but to be absolutely nothing, provided he can get men to make neither him nor others the rivals of his Master ; willing to lose alike himself and all, in single-minded admiration of the only Excellence : he wishes them to think “ Paul nothing, and Apollos and Cephas nothing, but ministers by whom they believed.” In a word, this single feeling was the pulse of his whole life ; as no other man ever did, he lived in self-oblivion, and might say with truth, “ To me, to live is Christ.” No matter what his theme, he is sure to come back to Him as the centre of every thought and affection. Like the star which “ opens the day,” and “ shuts in the night,” he is never seen more than a few degrees from the luminary about which he revolves, and, as that usually is, is absolutely lost in his beams.

4. If it be said that St. Paul exhibits in many respects the same basis of character after his conversion as before it, the same impetuosity and energy, this, no doubt, is in part true. But it is not the whole truth, nor the half of it. We have not, as M. Renan seems to suppose, a change of *object* merely. Paul became in many respects the antipodes of himself ; his narrow bigotry was exchanged for that all-embracing charity which he has so wonderfully described, and alone, perhaps, fully practised ; “ which hopeth all things, believeth all things. beareth all things, endureth all things.” His native pride, again, was exchanged for the most perfect humility ; and his fiery impatience of opposition (which, as Lord Lyttelton and Graves have truly remarked, is an all but inseparable concomitant of fanaticism, and which flamed out every moment when Paul was a fanatic indeed) was exchanged for the most wonderful meekness and gentleness, and willingness “ to be all things to all men.”

Such a thorough and sudden revolution of character is hard to be accounted for by a pang of remorse, even if we had any proof that it was felt, and even though we add a *coup de soleil* and a thunderstorm into the bargain.

5. Is it possible for a moment to imagine the doting and dreaming vision of hallucinations (which M. Renan's theory represents Paul) to be the man whose masculine sense, strong logic, practical prudence, and high

administrative talent, appear in the achievements of his life, and in the epistles he has left behind him? Is it such a man, as M. Renan's account of his conversion makes him, who has received so immense a homage from the world?

6. If, as Lord Lytletton observes, St. Paul had had any "visions," or had interpreted any external incidents, in the sense of divine approbation of his Jewish zealotry and his resolute mood of persecution it would be all in harmony with the ordinary laws of fanaticism; but that his nature should, in the very act of pursuing with fire and faggot the enemies, as he deems them, of God and man, spontaneously generate visions which turned him into a flaming zealot of the ignominious cause he had oppressed, is a paradox in human nature; it is as though a river, rushing with fury through a rocky gorge, was all at once magically arrested, and began to flow backwards. "Here," says the ordinary Christian, "if you will not allow miracles in the world of matter, you compel us to admit them in the world of mind."

If it be said that maniacal illusions will account for anything — I answer, Certainly, for anything except good sense, tact, and prudence (of which Paul's history and writings show he had plenty), and success in persuading the world to listen to them — a success which Paul also had in enormous measure. Unless there had been something more than his assertions to back his visions, he would have been as little believed or attended to as other madmen. If it be said that doubtless he did not remain mad, but soon recovered his reason, though the hallucination of his mad hour appeared to him a reality for life: — I answer, in the first place, this was not akin to ordinary madness, or rather it was permanent madness *quoad hoc*. Secondly, it would not account any the more for people's believing him if he had nothing else to show; they would, as in other like cases, have touched their heads significantly and talked of the "bee in the bonnet." This is Paul, as a recent author has well said, "willing to accept a compliment to his integrity at the expense of his understanding; he will not have it said that he is very sincere but very mistaken. He says, "I testify to a fact; I talk not of opinions. I am not mad; I speak the words of truth and soberness."*

There is indeed a key which at once and naturally solves all these perplexities and contradictions, a thread which leads us se-

curely through all this labyrinth; and that is the truth of the facts as recorded in the only history we have of them.

If M. Renan sincerely believes that he has accounted for the belief in the Resurrection, the phenomena of the Pentecost, the conversion of Paul, by maniacal illusion, helped by a thunderstorm or two, he must not be surprised if the world should suppose *him* the subject of "hallucinations" which, though of different kind, are quite as wonderful. They will say, "The apostles wrote what they thought history out of phenomena which they thought they had really witnessed: this good man writes a history of the same transactions with no materials at all. They, at least, assigned causes, which, if real, sufficiently account for all the phenomena. M. Renan assigns causes which account for nothing, except the ridicule they will undoubtedly excite." Any one knowing what the temptations to scepticism are will comprehend the disdain with which many a sceptic, really anxious to have his doubts solved one way or other, will read M. Renan's strange "hallucinations" of historical second-sight. They will say, "We do not believe the Evangelists because they relate physical miracles; we do not believe M. Renan because he gives us no end of psychical miracles."

The great bulk of readers will prefer believing the first, until the modern dogma of the impossibility of "miracles" is demonstrated, and not assumed. On this dogma — the "question of questions" in this controversy — that which makes M. Renan and so many others construct such strange hypotheses as to the origin of Christianity, our author said little in his former volume; he quietly assumed it. In the present volume he has in like manner abstained from any general discussion of the subject. He has, however, so far entered into it as to offer a reply to one of the objections brought against his dogma, as an unlimited conclusion from what must be a limited and partial experience.† Now in doing so he shows (as it seems to us) how difficult it is for M. Renan and his adversaries to discuss this point at all; for he either does not see, or ignores, the very object for which the argument he endeavours to rebut is adduced.

The case stands simply thus. Those who hold M. Renan's scientific dogma as to the incredibility of miracles, appeal to the uniformity of all their experience, and the experience of all whose experience they can put to the test, in proof of it. "Very well," an

* Binney's Lectures on St. Paul.

† Intro. pp. 45-50.

opponent replies, "if the inference is to be extended without limit, it will do for last year, for last century, or the last thousand centuries, or for any multiple of them. If not, your argument breaks down. If it is without limit in its application, then there never have been events in the universe transcendental to all present experience; nothing like absolute creation or origination of anything, or transmutation of species, or a gradual development of the world out of altogether different previous states. In consistency, you must be an Atheist of the old stamp: believe that the world has been eternally as it is, with the same succession of antecedents and consequents, never transcending the *present* limits of our experience." "No," says the other, "I cannot deny there have been such events, but these are not *miracles*." "Very well," says his opponent; "call them miracles or not, as you please; we won't quarrel about a name; they resemble miracles in this one point (which is all I adduce them for): they show that your retrospective application of your inference from a given very transient experience has a limit; they point to a period when all things, and among others your experience itself, began to be; for you admit that there have been manifold phenomena to which that experience, which you make the criterion of the possible in the past, cannot apply. Now show us how you reconcile your unlimited inference from your experience with your admission of such facts. For if such events have occurred, all present experience notwithstanding, the events (not more transcendental, called miracles may have occurred, for anything your principle of experience can assure us; for it seems that there was certainly a period when it altogether breaks down with us." But here comes in the most singular *tour de force* of M. Renan's logic: "To seek the supernatural before the creation of man, in order to dispense with establishing historic miracle, — to fly beyond history, — is impossible; it is to take refuge behind a cloud, to prove what is obscure by what is more obscure. . . . We ask for the proof of an historic miracle, and they reply there must have been such things before history." Pardon us, M. Renan, you utterly mistake the whole purport of the objection. Its object is, not to establish miracles, but to effect a *reductio ad absurdum* of your assumption that they cannot be; to give a proof of the lame and halting character of your principle, which you apply without limit, and yet will not apply without limit. Miracles must, of course, be proved (if proved at all) by the

appropriate evidence of any other remote fact, — as by adequate testimony; evidence such in amount as shall overbalance the admitted *a priori* improbability of these occurrences; which last again will be diminished in proportion as it can be shown that sufficient reasons, — a *nodus vindice dignus*, — can be assigned for their performance. The sole object of the argument which M. Renan has so strangely misconceived is to show that the argument from uniform experience, applied to the past without limit, "breaks down."

It may, perhaps, be asked how it is that M. Renan, even with the license of conjecture in which he has indulged himself, has managed to spin out the meagre fragments of the original documents, which his principles of criticism allow him to retain, into so large a volume? Partly, no doubt, because it requires much more space to invent a history than to transcribe it; but partly, and principally, because a large portion of the volume (and by far the most interesting part of it) really has no special bearing on the subject at all, and might as well have been introduced in a history of the Caliphs as of the Apostles. Such are the digressions on the early sects; such, again, the graphic descriptions of oriental scenery. In the former class of subjects, M. Renan's undoubted Jewish learning is often seen to advantage; in the latter, his graceful imagination, and susceptibility to what is beautiful in nature and art. Thus, the chapter on the founding of the Church at Antioch has hardly a sentence bearing on M. Renan's professed subject. But it is a very picturesque and interesting piece of antiquarian and topographical description. In truth, M. Renan's talents in this direction are so very striking, that I, for one, heartily wish, both for the sake of literature and his own fame, that he had given us books of eastern travel, and left the "*originés du Christianisme*" alone.

If I have not had space to do justice to these merits, and others of a literary kind, it is not because I am insensible to them, or grudge to admit them. No man read M. Renan, when he gets on such neutral topics, without vivid pleasure. But to take up much of the little space allotted to me in descanting on these points, while dealing with a book on which such issues are at stake, would be to imitate Nero, who fiddled while Rome was burning.

There is another point in which M. Renan's book gives unfeigned satisfaction. It is evident that, however he may consider science and theology as at present incompatible, and however dire the sacrifices

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which he erroneously thinks the former may exact of the latter, he does not sympathise with those who think that the progress of science must be the destruction of religion; he holds, on the contrary, that not only is the religious instinct of humanity indestructible, but that the higher the intellectual and moral nature of any beings, the higher will be their religious development.

"Rien n'est plus faux que le rêve de certaines personnes qui, cherchant à concevoir l'humanité parfaite, la conçoivent sans religion. C'est l'in-

verse qu'il faut dire. La Chine, qui est une humanité inférieure, n'a presque pas de religion. Au contraire, supposons une planète habitée par une humanité dont la puissance intellectuelle, morale, physique, soit double de celle de l'humanité terrestre, cette humanité-là, serait au moins deux fois plus religieuse que la nôtre. Je dis "au moins;" car il est probable que l'augmentation des facultés religieuses aurait lieu dans une progression plus rapide que l'augmentation de la capacité intellectuelle, et ne se ferait pas selon la simple proportion directe" (pp. 384, 5).

HENRY ROGERS.

I THINK ON THEE IN THE NIGHT.

There is lyf without ony deth,
And there is youthe without ony elde,
And there is all manner welthe to welde,
And there is rest without ony travaille,
And there is bright summer ever to se,
And there is never wynter in that countree.
[Richard Rolfe.

I think on thee in the night,
When all beside is still,
And the moon comes out, with her pale, sad
light,
To sit on the lonely hill!
When the stars are all like dreams,
And the breezes are all like sighs,
And there comes a voice from the far-off streams,
Like thy spirit's low replies!

I think on thee by day,
'Mid the cold and busy crowd,
When the laughter of the young and gay
Is far too glad and loud!
I hear thy soft, sad tone,
And thy young, sweet smile I see,
My heart — my heart were all alone,
But for its dreams of thee!

Of thee who wert so dear, —
And yet I do not weep,
For thine eyes were stained by many a tear,
Before they went to sleep;
And, if I haunt the past,
Yet I may not repine
That thou hast won thy rest at last,
And all the grief is mine!

I think upon thy gain,
Whate'er to me it cost,
And fancy dwells, with less of pain,
On all that I have lost! —
Hope, like the cuckoo's oft-told tale,

Alas! it wears her wing!
And love, that — like the nightingale —
Sings only in the spring!

Thou art my spirit's all,
Just as thou wert in youth,
Still, from thy grave, no shadows fall
Upon my lonely truth;
A taper, yet, above thy tomb,
Since lost its sweeter rays,
And what is memory, through the gloom,
Was hope, in brighter days!

I am pining for the home
Where sorrow sinks to sleep,
Where the weary and the weepers come,
And they cease to toil and weep!
Why walk about with smiles
That, each, should be a tear,
Vain as the summer's glowing spoils,
Flung o'er an early bier!

Oh! like those fairy things,
Those insects of the East,
That have their beauty in their wings,
And shroud it, while at rest;
That fold their colours of the sky,
When earthward they alight,
And flash their splendors on the eye,
Only to take their flight; —

I never knew how dear thou wert,
Till thou wert borne away!
I have it, yet, about my heart,
The beauty of that day! —
As if the robe thou wert to wear,
Beyond the stars, were given,
That I might learn to know it, there,
And seek thee out, in heaven!

[T. K. Hervey.]

CHAPTER III.

OUR HERO.

THREE and a half years passed away, and brought no event with them which it concerns us to record.

Eva March continued a pupil of Miss Farnworth's at Kensington, and spent her holidays partly with the Ballows and partly with her humbler friend in Islington. Not a ray of light had broken into the darkness that shrouded Eva's origin. And so little did it appear that a discovery would further her happiness, that Mr. Ballow believed it best to leave the matter in its present obscurity. And had he determined otherwise, it would not have been very easy to say what course he could adopt.

You will please remember that we must date Eva's birth, in the absence of actual knowledge, from the 6th or 7th of March, in the year 1838. Consequently, coming upon her in February, 1855, we find her about to enter on her eighteenth year. Nor does her appearance belie the presumption as to her years. It was early in February, and very cold. She was spending the last week of her Christmas holidays with Mrs. Check in Islington, having passed the other five weeks at Minchley. It had been the wish of her inestimable friend, Mr. Ferrier, that, as Eva's rightful place in society was a question involved in such mystery, she should grow up fitted for any station whatever to which a future discovery might call her. She was to be capable alike of taking her place among peeresses or among peasants, according as her birth might prove. Thus only, he thought, could he save her from the possible misery involved in an unfitness for her station. Perhaps his idea was neither a very wise nor a very practical one. The strangeness of the circumstances, baffling all common rules, must be pleaded in his excuse. At all events, the plan utterly failed. Eva grew up a lady; but it was far too late now for her to sink placidly into society's low ranks, if anything should indicate her proper position to be in them. Anybody, to see her sitting with Mrs. Check, would have imagined her some highly bred young lady, who had been gladdening the heart of her old nurse by coming to take tea with her. And, indeed, Mrs. Check was no self-asserting personage, but was quite prepared to bow down before the youth, beauty, and breeding of her companion.

Tea was finished, and the little girl who acted as Mrs. Check's servant had taken it away. Mr. Ferrier's late housekeeper had

resumed her knitting—the great occupation of her life. Who wore all the stockings she knitted I have never been able to conceive. Miss March, meanwhile, read the newspaper aloud. It was filled with the affairs which were then filling the minds of all England, engrossing many who had never cared for public matters before—the struggles and sufferings of our Crimean army.

But there was a more than patriotic interest in Crimean affairs within that little Islington parlour. In that Crimean army was Captain Ferrier—the Richard Ferrier who, nearly thirteen years before, had found Eva, a poor little lonely outcast in the London streets, and had taken her with him, and placed her under the ready protection of his uncle. He was also the Richard Ferrier who had spent so much of his boyhood at Bengerley Rectory, and to Mrs. Check, then the housekeeper there, he had endeared himself by that boyish mischief which always is endearing—in the retrospect. So the two persons who, with the single exception of his own mother, thought most of him in the world, were together in one small apartment.

Eva laid the newspaper down in her indignant grief.

"I can't bear to read about it! I can't bear to imagine it! Only to think that Richard, who took pity on me when I was left upon the open streets—only to think that he should scarcely have a shelter for himself!"

"Yes, indeed, Miss. I wonder what possessed him to go? He doesn't stand in need of money, after what his uncle left him, I'm sure."

"Money! No! But he didn't go into the army for his livelihood; he went to serve his country. Oh, and perhaps he may never return! To say nothing of these dreadful hardships, you know his life must be in danger from hour to hour."

"Poor dear Master Richard! I do hope he'll take care of himself, that I do."

"Take care of ~~himself~~! How dare you talk in such a way, Mrs. Check? As if he would act like a coward! Richard a coward!"

"Lor, Miss Eva! you quite frighten me! I'm sure I didn't mean any harm. But if you won't have him hurt, and won't have him take care of himself, I don't know, poor dear young gentleman! what in the world he is to do. Let me see, Miss, how long is it since you saw him?"

"Oh, more than a year. Why do you ask?"

"Why, Miss, I was thinking—I declare I don't know what I was thinking. I was only thinking that it was very proper for you, having such a regard for Mr. Richard, my dear."

"Why, yes, don't I owe it all to him that I wasn't brought up in the workhouse, or in a worse place—if there is a worse place? I might have been caught hold of by some thieves, and grown up a little pickpocket. After all, if I'm not a thief, I'm a beggar, brought up and done for—all out of charity."

"Well, Miss, I'm sure it's no shame to own to the charity of such a good man as my good master was."

"I'm not ashamed of it, Mrs. Check, and I'm not unhappy, upon the whole. Though it does seem hard to be disowned by one's father and mother. I know I'm better off than many girls, who see their papas and mammas every day. Such stories as some of the girls at our school tell me about their homes! There's that poor Miss Sunder, whose parents don't live together—and she only sees her mamma on Saturdays. Then there's that poor Miss Lent; she tells me that they sometimes dine upon potatoes, and are always having the bailiffs in the house. But the most unfortunate of them all is Miss Grazeby. Her papa actually throws wine-glasses at her head,—when he has been drinking, you know. So I'm better off than she. Only, I hate not to know who and what I am. I wonder if I ever shall know?"

"Well, Miss, perhaps, if you did know, you'd wish you didn't. If I were you, I should rest content with being as I am."

"But you see, my dear woman, I don't so much as know *who* I am. As there's nobody here but ourselves, I will say that I don't look much like a poor person's daughter; now do I?"

"Not at all, my dear. But, dear me, Miss, looks is no rule for showing who and what a person's parents were! Lor, Miss, it's the bringing up as does it. It's the schooling, and teaching, and what not, which a young person gets, that makes her a lady,—as you certainly are, Miss Eva. It's not the having great people for her parents, which I don't think you can have had."

Mrs. Check, it should be said, was only acquainted with the circumstances under which Eva had come into Mr. Ferrier's hands when three or four years old. She was not aware of those earlier events, whose scene was in Scarlington House; nor had any hint of them been given to Eva.

That young lady turned the conversa-

tion from herself and her doubtful birth back to Richard and the Crimea.

"How horrible it all is!" she said. "I wish I could have gone out with Miss Nightingale as one of the nurses. But no! I'm too young, and must go grinding on at school. I must be another year under Old Pokey. Well, it's not my fault if she will make a laughingstock of herself by wearing a poke bonnet, when nobody else does."

And back to school, in a very few days, our young lady went. Miss Farnworth, though she did lag behind the age in her costume, kept tolerably abreast with it in her system of education. And Eva, being quick enough and diligent enough, came finally home at the Christmas of 1855, as well instructed and accomplished as might have been desired.

Richard Ferrier, meantime, fared well in the very different sort of school through which he was passing. He was once slightly wounded, but was kept otherwise unharmed amidst all the dangers of that year. He assisted at the taking of Sebastopol, and from the moment of that supreme victory the great interest in the war began to subside. The wishes and the thoughts of the nation set in for peace, and at about the beginning of the year 1856 the contest was virtually over. Richard, to his mother's great joy, was coming home, and, to her greater joy, he was about to quit the army, and settle down upon the comfortable property bequeathed him by his uncle.

Mrs. Ferrier, who resided at Leamington, began to turn over in her mind the young ladies who might be worthy enough and worth enough to share his name and position. Little knew she what was coming.

It was one Sunday morning in April, 1856, and the Ballows, still flourishing in their old house at Minchley, were about attending church as usual, when Aunt Wettiman expressed her intention of remaining at home that morning. Something indicated the possible approach of her occasional fits. She would not hear of anybody else remaining at home on her account. "Just leave me your keys, that I can get at the wine or the brandy," she said to Mrs. Ballow, "and I shall manage very well."

Mrs. Ballow had learnt from long experience that her aunt's promised good management would leave its mark, to a certainty, on the decanters. But who could be such a monster as to refuse anything to one so afflicted? So the keys were cheerfully surrendered, and Aunt Wettiman was left alone.

"We do not mean to insinuate that this lady was intemperate; perhaps she really did require a large proportion of stimulants. But her drinking was certainly rather on the masculine than the feminine scale. When the Ballow party, with Eva amongst them, came back from church, they were met in the passage by Aunt Wettiman, looking most unusually excited. For a moment or two her niece imagined that the leaving the keys with her had proved itself a mistake; but the matter was quickly and candidly explained.

"What do you think?" Mrs. Wettiman said; "whom do you suppose you've got in the dining-room? Why, Captain Ferrier, from the Crimea. He has had to go up to London from Leamington, so he thought he would call here. I said I was sure you would be delighted."

Mr. and Mrs. Ballow were delighted.

"Ho! ho! Aunt Wettiman!" said her nephew-in-law. "So this is your way of spending Sunday! Stopping at home from church to entertain handsome young captains from the Crimea! He is handsome, is not he? Did he catch you with the brandy-bottle?"

"Oh, Mr. Ballow, I don't mind your jokes now. You've hardened me—I'm quite accustomed to it, and don't care the least."

"What does auntie say, my dear?—that she's got accustomed to the brandy-bottle until it has quite hardened her? However, we're forgetting the captain all this while. I'm sure it's a great honour to have him." And then they all went into the dining-room.

Richard Ferrier was just seven-and-twenty years old. Neither his eighteen months in the Crimea, nor the slightly rakish life he had led previously, had much marred his natural appearance. The freshness of his youthful complexion was gone. Gone alike was his former look of youthful carelessness. But there was still left him so much of youthful warmth and candour in his face, that none who knew him could say that he was altered for the worse.

Eva had seen him occasionally—frequently, indeed—at Bengerley; but her thoughts had seldom run on such interviews as those. Ever before her was that night of their first meeting. She could remember that, while many of the things immediately before and after it had faded out of her remembrance. She could recall, as though the scene were painted on her heart, that cold March night (just fourteen years before); she could see again the dark, deso-

late street, the flickering lamps, the harsh red face of that terrible woman. She could feel again the chill, sweeping wind, and the damp cold of the pavement. Again and again there came back to her the horror of her desolation in that hour, and the boy whose face had been to her like that of a rescuing angel. That boy—his boyhood gone for ever—was greeting her now, and looking at her in wonder.

We cannot say that Richard had thought of Eva as much as she thought of him. But his remembrance went very often back to the evening on which he brought her to his uncle in Park Street. As he would sometimes say, his life had not been so very full of good actions that he could afford to forget the one decidedly good thing he had ever done.

He accepted the ready invitation given him to remain for the Ballows' early dinner. The conversation at table ran entirely upon the now concluded war. The respective merits of English and French commanders were settled and determined. The real reason why Sebastopol took eleven months, and not eleven days to capture, was decided beyond all chance of honest doubt. And many more questions were set at rest, for which I would rather refer you to Mr. Kinglake's history.

Richard had fallen among those who were bent on drawing him out; and he talked freely of all that he knew,—of all, at least, except of the honourable mention gained, more than once, by himself. If it were any pleasure to him, he had most attentive listeners. The younger Ballows (there were one or two very young young ones) looked almost as if they did not feel quite safe; as if the contest ended in the Crimea might presently resume itself at Minehley.

Mr. Ballow took that special interest in the details which a surgeon might be expected to take. Aunt Wettiman vouchsafed the disclosure that it would have made her feel dreadfully ill to see so many dead and wounded. And Mrs. Ballow congratulated Richard on being safely out of it, and settling quietly down in England.

"Yes, Mrs. Ballow," he said. "but I feel as if (were there an occasion) I should like to go out again."

"Oh, surely not!" The exclamation was from Eva. Then she added, "Of course, Captain Ferrier, I mean that I hope we're not going to have another war—not just yet."

"Makes things dreadfully dear," interpolated Aunt Wettiman.

"Gentlemen of your profession, Captain Ferrier," said Mr. Ballow, "have a right to wish for war, if anybody has. You bear the brunt of it at its worst."

"And gain the most by it, too," our hero said.

"If you don't get killed."

"Even then I maintain that we get a larger slice out of the threescore years and ten that stand for life."

"That is something of a paradox, Captain Ferrier."

"You would not say that *years* are the only measure of life? You would not deny that there are some *hours* which have as much life in them as ordinary *days* have? Well, one knows such hours;—all hours are such in real active service. I feel as if my last eighteen months have had more *life* in them—more of the consciousness of being something and doing something—than all my life before, except. Miss March, that happy evening"—Richard stopped short, and turned into his main topic.

"There is," he said, "on my brother's estate, a man who has never left his bed for forty years, and who lies doing nothing, and, seemingly, thinking nothing, day after day, and year after year. I say that a soldier who gets but his three minutes in an engagement, and then is knocked over, has had more of *life* than such a man. More of it, I should say, than the great majority of people. But you must think me very conceited, setting up myself in this manner."

Mr. Ballow said it was a really novel and striking view to take of things. Aunt Wettiman suggested that a life of adventure had many charms, to be sure. When dinner was over they went for a walk. Richard and Eva somehow got detached from the main party. They talked between themselves, their conversation being, of course, about their deceased friend and benefactor, Mr. Ferrier. Richard had purposed taking an evening train to Leamington; but I suppose Eva's talk had assumed a theological turn, for when they came in, he announced that as it was not quite the thing to travel to Leamington on a Sunday, (though it had proved quite the thing to travel as far as Minchley), he would thankfully accept the Ballow hospitality for the coming night. On Monday, by a late train, he departed.

I am afraid his mamma was suffered to believe that he had come down straight from London. His visit to town had been occasioned by matters connected with his

quitting the army, and disposing of his commission.

The tardiness of the War Office is pretty well known to us; with characteristic bungling, they imposed on Richard a second journey to London—and a second visit to Minchley.

Nay, they must bring him up a third time—and detain him at Minchley by the way—before they would settle the affair for him. Mrs. Ballow saw what was transacting itself under her eyes. But she knew of no reason why she should wish it otherwise. The captain, or ex-captain, was of independent means, and of age by several years. She knew of nobody in the world who had any rights over Eva. If Mrs. Ballow had any selfish interest in the matter, it was to get Eva married, and leave a clear space for her daughters. And she had a generous pleasure in the idea that Miss March would marry thus early and advantageously, and so escape the dreary misery of dependence. So *she* had no hindrance to place in their way. Why, for once, should not the course of true love run smooth?

Are we to say that the love which runs smooth is *never true*?—that, (parents and patrons being as they are), the love which runs evenly is no outburst from the heart—is only the feeble trickle of a tap turned on at will? Why are the old people so difficult to satisfy? They all were young at one time. Does the river Lethe run between forty and twenty? or is it that forty remembers but too well, and knows what become of such illusions?

However, we are telling a story, not meddling with philosophy.

Mrs. Ferrier, the mother of Richard, lived in a handsome house in the suburbs of Leamington. Richard came home to her on Saturday, the last day of May.

Mrs. Ferrier, a widow of some years' standing, was an amiable woman. Never selfish on her own account, she could, however, be pitilessly selfish on behalf of any that were dear to her. Her eldest son, (she had but two children), was married, and she had a somewhat broken intercourse with him. On Richard her chiefest affections were set, and this 31st of May was indeed a happy day to her.

They had had a "clumsy tea"—to borrow a Scottish phrase,—and were seated in the pretty little drawing-room, which commanded a delightful view. Warwickshire, which aided in moulding our Shakspeare, has no grandeur; but it has a homely beauty of its own.

Mrs. Ferrier sat working at some worsted-work, in which she was nearly as diligent as Mrs. Check in knitting stockings; and the ultimate destiny of *her* work was a yet greater puzzle to any one. The whole civilized world wears stockings, but they that sit on braided cushions are only in genteel houses. Richard's mother was working as hard as if she had nothing to say, and talking as fast as if she had nothing to do. He was sitting back in the easiest chair of the room, neither talking nor working.

"And so, my dear boy, you've arranged with that horrid War Office at last? Such a shame of them keeping you all this while waiting! As if you had not had hardships enough already! Well, thank God that that dreadful war is over, and you are safe home. What was my state of misery this time last year!"

Richard said something which may be so easily conceived that we need not set it down.

His mother then went on with her remarks:—

"Well, my dear Richard, and now you are really come to stay, I mean to give a little party to begin with. Either Wednesday or Thursday, I think. People will be pretty sure to come, whenever it is, for every one is dying to see you, of course. Now there's one family I am very anxious for you to know; a family of the name of Ingott. There's a daughter just come of age, with twenty thousand pounds of her own,—of her own, my dear boy! Twenty thousand pounds, and a very—very nice girl. And I have no doubt she'll be here with the rest."

Richard made no answer; for though his mother had not adopted the questioning form, she looked for an answer, just as if she *had* proffered a question.

"Don't you see, my dear Richard," she went on to say—"don't you see what a very nice thing it would be for you? And I feel certain you would find no obstacle on *her* part. A Crimean hero and a handsome man! Indeed, I know she is smitten with you only from hearing about you. I'm confident that you have but to speak for yourself. Now only think!"

"If I marry, mother, it will not be for money."

"Marry for money! Bless me! how sharply you do take things up, dear! Of course, I'm the last person in the world to wish anybody to marry for money. But Miss Ingott's twenty thousand pounds (I know it's full as much, and very likely

more),—Miss Ingott's twenty thousand pounds wouldn't make her any the worse wife, that I can see. However, I don't say that you might not do even better still. I should always wish you to choose for yourself. That, I think, you know."

"Well, mother, I was intending to tell you before long, and perhaps I ought to tell you now. I think I may say that—that—in fact—that I *have* chosen for myself."

"No!" Mrs. Ferrier's needle stopped in its course, but she held it still in her fingers.

"Well, my dear Richard, you *have* astonished me! I suppose it must be since you came back to England? at least, I hope so. I hope she's not a foreigner,—not a Russian, for instance?"

"No, mother, entirely English."

"That's well so far. But who, then, can she be? I suppose an officer's daughter?"

"No—at least, I am not aware that she is."

"But do tell me, my dear Richard. You alarm me, keeping up all this mystery about it; you really do, upon my word! Is the young lady any one I know?"

"I don't think you ever saw her; but you've heard of her over and over again, and must have been interested about her."

Mrs. Ferrier ran her memory rapidly over the young ladies of whom she had heard over and over again, and in whom she must have been interested; but she could pitch upon no name to which Richard would plead guilty.

"Well, well," she said, "I can't think who it can possibly be! Do, my dearest boy, tell me her name at once."

"You've heard of the Ballows at Minchley?—my uncle's relations, you know?"

"The Ballows? Oh yes! Mr. Ballow is a medical man. They have an aunt, who often comes to Leamington—Mrs. Wettiman, a rather ladylike woman. But oh, my dear Richard, you don't mean to say you're thinking of one of the Miss Ballows? Very respectable people in their way, but"—

"The lady is not a Miss Ballow, mother."

"Not a Miss Ballow? Somebody you have met there? I had no idea you were at all intimate with them. But I'm just as much bewildered as ever now."

"You have heard of Eva—of Miss March,—who was placed partly under their care by my uncle Nicholas? You know her wonderful history, as my uncle wrote it before he died."

"Miss March! What!!!" and the worsted now dropped out of Mrs. Ferrier's hand altogether. "You don't mean to tell me

that it's *her*! A foundling, picked up in the streets, and taken in by your uncle out of charity! You don't mean it! You can't mean it! I know you don't mean it! Tiresome boy! You're aware that it would almost kill me if you did such a thing; and you're mischievously trying to frighten me! Say you are only frightening me: though it's not good of you to do so; indeed, it is not."

"Nor would I ever do so, mother. I rejoice to say (and when you know her you will rejoice with me) that I love Eva March, and shall never love any one besides."

"Impossible! impossible! incredible! Well, of all the artful, designing, audacious"—

"Now, now, mother! you're going to say something which you will be very sorry for having said by-and-by. When once you have seen her—"

"Seen her! I see her! Never, if I can possibly help it! The sight of her would make me go out of my mind, I verily believe!"

"You never saw any being half so beautiful; and you never were more mistaken in your life than when you called her artful. The very opposite, as all who know her allow."

"Well, well, I don't know, indeed, why I should call her artful. Of course I can see through the matter pretty well. I know how it all came about, as well as if I had been all the while on the spot. Of course! You were thrown in her company, just when you were likely to feel a particular pleasure in ladies—that is, in female society. You got talking with her about your uncle, and then she artfully led you on until you said something you were very foolish to say; and she took you to your word, and means to keep you to it, no doubt. But you'll never be so mad as to do it? You can't, if you quietly reflect, ever think yourself bound to go on with it."

"Mother, I'll convince you at once that you do the dearest girl in the world an injustice. When I asked her to be my wife, she—she refused."

"Refused! Well, I'm sure! The young lady—if I may call her so—is very ambitious. What is she looking for?"

Of a truth it is hard for a girl in Eva's position to please a woman in Mrs. Ferrier's. Angry with Miss March for having entrapped Richard, the lady became angry with her now for having rejected his offer. Richard took no notice of her displeasure in this its new phase.

"But," he went on, "it has hardly discouraged me. With her noble, generous

pride, she did not think it right—in her position—to accept me. She talked of her doubtful birth. Birth, indeed! What could the grandest pedigree ever framed give her that she has not got already? But she loves me; and a mistaken pride—a nobly mistaken pride—will not stand between us long!"

"No, indeed! In that one thing I quite agree with you. *She* knew how safe she had got you!—that is, how safe *she* thinks she has got you."

"Well, my dear mother, I'm very sorry to see you take it so much to heart. I must leave you to your better reflection. I cannot allow you to think for a moment that my mind will ever be changed."

"Oh, your uncle, your uncle! Well, he was a good, good man, and he did his duty by you most nobly in every way; but why should he have this wretched girl lifted out of her proper station, and give her the means of doing all this dreadful mischief? Why did he ever do it?"

"Her 'proper station'! Mother, for aught that is known either to you or me, her *proper* station is as good as ours. A king would be proud of her!"

"Oh, Richard, Richard! I am fifty years old. I am over fifty, as you know; and a born fool—if you even choose to consider your mother a fool,—a born fool is not so easily taken in at my time of life. Who and what is she? Why, a *foundling*, whom you yourself picked up in the streets, and your uncle took care of out of charity; and a nice return the creature is making for it all."

Up to this moment Richard had continued sitting in the chair which had held him when their conversation began. He now got up on his feet, as though he were going to end the controversy by walking out of the room.

"Once for all, mother," he said, "nothing you can say will ever alter me. I know you'll think me in the right by-and-by. I'm only sorry you should allow your prejudices to overcome you even as much as they do. What you say is very unworthy of—I mean, it is very *unlike* you; and you yourself will, by-and-bye, be the first to say so."

A new terror took possession of her; and she rose and went imploringly up to him:—

"Richard, I beseech you, answer me one thing! Nay, you shall and will tell me this,—*Have you married her already?* Tell me the truth, or I shall die!"

"No, mother. I have told you how her noble self-denial has stood in the way."

"Ah! I fully appreciate her 'noble self-

denial"! But I thank God that she has a little overreached herself here — been a little too anxious to put a good colour on her proceedings. Thank God that there is some hope still left me. Surely my son has not been preserved through all the dreadful dangers of war, only to consign himself to certain misery and disgrace. Oh, it would be too cruel! it would be too cruel! Oh, Richard, if you ever had any love to your mother, if you don't altogether hate her and wish to kill her, oh, do draw back from this in time! Oh, do consider, — do, do, do consider before it is quite too late!"

Richard kissed his mother, not as assenting to her passionate entreaties, but as one might kiss a frightened child. The kiss meant (and she understood it so), "It must come to pass, so try and make up your mind to it. You have no real evil to be afraid of."

Then her worsted-work, which she had left unheeded on the floor, caught Richard's eye, and he stooped and put it again into her hands.

It wanted but a very small thing to turn her unfamiliar bitterness into that softer grief which was much more congenial to her; and this one thing effected the change.

"Thank you, my dear boy; I really did not observe that I had dropped it."

Another moment and she threw herself passionately upon him. "Oh, my dear, dear, dearest boy! Perhaps I have spoken harshly. Perhaps I have said what I had no right to say to you. But it was my fear for you that made me. It does seem so hard that, when I have so prayed and longed for your safe return, and when my prayers have been so mercifully granted too, all this unexpected wretchedness should be coming upon me. But you won't do it, after all? You won't ruin yourself, and break your mother's heart, all for a mere foolish fancy? Now will you?"

"Mother, do try and remember that I am nearly thirty years old. You might, I think, give me credit for not falling in love blindly at my age."

"Why, good gracious! In all probability — in all certainty, almost — her parents are among the vilest and lowest of the people! Don't be angry with me for putting it in this way! I don't say that her parentage is her own doing. I wouldn't reproach her for that. Nor will I reproach her in any way, poor thing! It was wrong in me to do so, and I'm sorry I spoke so hastily. I won't do so again, and — and I'll not doubt but that she is altogether what you say she is. But oh! if she really does love you, she'll

never consent — she'll never consent to so unutterably foolish a thing."

"Come, mother, sit down, and I think we shall very soon be quite agreed on this matter."

"So do I hope we shall. I feel sure this infatuation can't last long. Well, do let us sit down, and talk over it quietly."

And they sat down upon the same chairs from which they had so lately risen.

Mrs. Ferrier resumed her work, and, in the very same moment, her talk.

"My dearest boy, don't think all I am saying is from pride. I should certainly wish your wife — whenever you marry — to be a lady of good family; but — if she were only herself a lady — I should never look coldly on her because of her family. You musn't think that of me."

"Then why do you insist on the want of connections in this case?"

"Why, because I would not have you connected with — very likely — some of the worst characters in all London — in all England."

"But listen, my dear mother. You have read the story as my uncle wrote it out?"

"Oh, bless you, yes! ever so many times. And, indeed, I have a copy of it up-stairs."

"Well! Then you are aware that my uncle felt by no means certain that Eva was not a lady. I need no more evidence than one single look at her. You know in what kind of place he first found her."

"Oh yes, poor dear man! I know what he fancied; — that the baby he got hold of there, and the child he — or rather you — picked up years afterwards, must be one and the same! What an idea, to be sure!"

"My uncle thought so; and he was certainly no fool."

"Well, no, not exactly a fool; certainly no fool, but a fanciful kind of man. Your poor papa said so over and over again; though, you know, he did not live to hear of that adventure. To tell you the honest truth, I'm rather sceptical as to the affair in that what's-its-name house — that house in Fulham, you know. Mind, love, I'm not accusing your good uncle of untruth. Indeed, I am sure that a more thoroughly truthful man was never born. I have no doubt that he *thought* it was all true. I suppose he went to sleep in the parlour in that strange house — woke up in the dark — got somehow away, having dreamt all about that horrid scene between the man and woman; then found the poor baby in some ditch near Hammersmith; and, in short, mixed up what was *real* and what he had only dreamt, in such a way that he could never

separate them afterwards. And no wonder! It's rather a wonder his senses came back to him at all."

This was, to Richard, a new aspect of the matter; and there was, he did feel, some reason to be pleaded for it; but it touched not the main subject.

"Well" (so he replied), "be all that as it may, I can but think of Miss March as she is in *herself*. If she has no relations to hope for, she has none we need fear."

"Ah, but how can you be sure of that? What parents ever turn their children out of doors in infancy? Only those to whom their children are a disgrace. Unless, indeed, they are viler people still."

"Well, then, Eva will live and die, unknowing her parents, and unknown to them. That is all."

"That is *not* all. They may start up — oh! it is really too horrible to be thought of, — they may start up and claim her. Would you really have a pickpocket for your father-in-law, and I don't know what for your mother-in-law? Oh, you never can intend it!"

"Mother, your fears are quite absurd. Nobody, in all these years, has come forward to claim Eva. Very likely those who might claim her do not know where she is. If they do, it evidently suits them to let her alone."

"Suits them! Yes, *now* it suits them. *Now*, when, by coming forward, they might only be injuring her, and doing no good to themselves. But can you not see what an entire difference it would make were she once married to — to any gentleman of position and property? Very likely they *do* know where she is, and are waiting to see what becomes of her. If they knew her to be married, they would then feel sure that their coming forward could not shake her position, whatever it was; and you may be very well assured that they *would* come forward."

"Then we should feel no scruple in renouncing them. Could they have the audacity to appeal to the child whom they had so brutally cast off?"

"Could they"! You do astonish me, boy, by asking such *simple* questions. 'Audacity'! Is any audacity too great for wicked people in want of money? Yes, to be sure; and if you were not willing to almost beggar yourself with giving to them, they'd spread the affair up and down, and insult you in public in all manner of ways, get crowds before your door, and follow you everywhere. If you think I'm talking nonsense, ask anybody who knows the world,

and they will tell you just the same. You'd be made utterly miserable, and she would be miserable too — miserable with the feeling of having brought it all upon you. Indeed, you *must* not think of it any more. You must not — whether for your own sake or for hers."

Richard briefly repeated his conviction that Mrs. Ferrier would before long see the matter in another light, and then they fell into a broken discourse upon other and more trivial matters. By-and-bye they separated — sadly, but cordially — for the night.

CHAPTER IV.

MRS. FERRIER IN COUNCIL.

ONCE in her own room, Mrs. Ferrier made the utmost haste to get into bed, — not that she might sleep, but that she might lie awake and think. Set free from even such distraction as the process of undressing involved, and with her head resting on its pillow, she turned over and over in her mind the great practical riddle which had just been given her to solve.

With more anxiety than she perhaps had ever felt before in her life, she put to herself the momentous question, "How shall I prevent this marriage? — this terrible, insane, ruinous marriage? Prevent it I must and will. Prevent it I will — even with my life; for, if it takes place, what good will my life do me? It must not go on; but how can I hinder it?"

It was already clear to Mrs. Ferrier that she could not argue or entreat her son out of it. The affectionate forbearance with which he had met her passionate remonstrances was not in favour of her chance. She was thoroughly aware of it. Had Richard exploded in wrath at her disparagement of Miss March, had he stormed and banged out of the room, his mother would have been much more hopeful of a recovery from his folly. Mad as all people (not mad themselves) must pronounce his intentions to be, it was plain they were deliberate and determined. Open and direct opposition had failed to do good; it had better be abandoned before it did harm.

If, therefore, there was any chance of averting the menaced ruin, on stratagem, and not on strength, must Richard's mother depend. Plotting and contriving were not much in accordance with her habits, nor much in harmony with her disposition. But a mother's anxiety will work wonders. It will give to the poor little wren the courage

of an eagle, and convert the simplicity of the silliest dove into the wisdom of the wildest serpent. As Mrs. Ferrier lay now in her bed, she felt—believing herself and her son to be the victims of an unprincipled cunning—that, if a little time were given her, she could baffle the conspiracy still.

"I have been fifty years in the world," she thought. "Both their ages put together—that of this artful, low-minded, ungrateful girl, and my poor, dear, silly, silly Richard,—both together are not so much as my own; and I'll outwit her and save him."

But it was not without much sorrow that Mrs. Ferrier could so much as contemplate practising any artifice on Richard. "Poor dear boy! In all his infatuation, so mindful of his mother; so anxious that the matter should not give me any pain! Suppose, after all, I resign myself to let things take their course? I have done my duty in protesting against it." But then there came across her, as before, a vision of the kindred who (the thing irrevocably done) would be likely to emerge from their obscurity, and establish their claims on Eva and her husband. That Miss March's relations were amongst the worst members of society, Mrs. Ferrier thought it no breach of charity to assume. Who that were not much worse than brutes would have thrust their child destitute upon the world?

It should be remembered that Mrs. Ferrier had obtained all her knowledge of Eva's former life from the written narrative of her deceased brother-in-law. She had never heard of the encounter, in the Great Exhibition, some five years before, with the red-faced lady of Eva's early remembrance, and of the interview of Mr. Ballow with the said lady.

As for the mysterious event at Scarlington House, in the March of 1838, Richard's mother was by no means persuaded that it had been all real; and so she had told him. Most likely the wretched people who had thrust the child out of doors had calculated what they were about. They had shrewdly foreseen what was likely to befall her. A pretty, engaging child, too young to dispel the mystery herself—a child whom a little dressing and tutoring would cause to appear above the common,—such a child, abandoned in the London streets, would be sure to find some gentleman or lady to take her up, and credit her with a romantic and lofty origin. Of course, she had been turned out in the knowledge that curiosity and benevolence, united in some person,

would befriend her as, were her real origin known, she could never look to be befriended. No doubt, her parents, cruel as they seemed, were aware that their proceeding was tolerably sure to bring her great advantages. They intended that she should be brought up as a lady, and should marry a gentleman. One of these things had happened; the second was likely to happen. And Mrs. Ferrier shuddered to think (when Richard was once married) what manner of people would step forward to benefit by the alliance,—a father-in-law from Botany Bay; the eldest brother-in-law an eminent burglar, and the youngest a very promising pickpocket. In what exact sphere the sisters-in-law might be moving Mrs. Ferrier did not like so much as to consider.

But the idea of this portentous family extinguished all her repugnance to the counter-plotting her son, if any contrivance could effect her purpose.

"No!" and she half raised herself out of bed with the energy of her resolve. "No! I'll not be weak, and allow all this misery and ruin to accomplish itself, if there be any way of preventing it. Every rational creature (a young man in love is, assuredly, not a rational creature),—every one that is, must see how dreadful a thing it would prove—how culpable I should be not to hinder it if I can."

But was there any possible method of hindering it? Whatever plan might, after due meditation, offer itself, there was one thing without which it must surely prove in vain; and that thing was—*forbearance*. Mrs. Ferrier (she felt conscious) must learn to speak with gentleness of the obnoxious Eva; and such self-restraint she resolved she would exercise. When we determine that we will not speak against a person, we are often brought, by a kind of reflex process, to feel more kindly disposed to that person in our hearts. I suppose it is the self-satisfaction of a virtuous forbearance which pleases us. And certainly Mrs. Ferrier, as she lay scheming and arranging in her bed that night, began to think less bitterly of Eva. Perhaps it was not out of her own head that she had aspired so unlawfully. Such audacity was hardly natural in so young a sinner. Those Ballows must have set it on foot. Mrs. Ferrier would have liked to put "those Ballows" on the treadmill.

However, she must hold her tongue. She must appear to be reconciled to the marriage, in order that she might gain a chance of defeating it. She did not place the smallest reliance on Miss March's refu-

sal. Richard was confident of its withdrawal, and no doubt, after a little more feigned hesitation, it would be entirely withdrawn.

"And," she thought—"and if I allow Richard to fancy that I am better reconciled to it than at first, I know what he will want of me next. He will be wanting *me* to overcome the girl's scruples; to tell her not to think of *her* origin, but to come and be welcome in *our* family! I should choke myself if I tried to say it. And yet the more I can keep the thing in my own power, the better my chance of breaking it off. Suppose I could find some middle course, to get the matter into my hands, without committing myself to any promise of which I might repent?" And Mrs. Ferrier reflected very intensely for a few minutes. She thought especially of Richard's words that evening when he had said that, for aught he or his mother knew, Eva's rightful place in society might be as good as their own.

"It's ridiculous," she said to herself, "It's the most absurd idea in the world; and it only shows how infatuated he is about the whole thing. But if I could make use of one of his delusions to cure another?" And then Mrs. Ferrier began to see a glimmer of hope in this. That Richard should credit the girl with an honourable origin was absurd in the extreme. But it was not to be regretted. It tended to show that, if her parentage were found base and obscure, his feelings towards her would be altered. It was very well for him to boast that he loved Eva for being *what* she was, and cared not *who* she might be. He felt so, because the mystery shrouding her origin permitted him to assign her what birth he would. Once let them marry, and the mystery would be cleared up; cleared up quickly enough and rudely enough. But then all the gain would be, that a degrading marriage would be also a most unhappy one. But what if the mystery could be fathomed, and the secret laid bare in all its nauseous nature, *before* so fatal a marriage took place? "Suppose I say to Richard—to them both, in short,—There is an uncomfortable secret between you. Let me help to remove it. Let me promote your happiness by gaining for Eva the name and station to which you suppose her entitled?"

They could make no objection to assistance for such a purpose, and from such a quarter. It would be a strange enterprise for a quiet middle-aged lady living at Leamington. But Mrs. Ferrier felt herself inspired with craft enough for all Scotland

Yard put together. She really longed to get up then and there, midnight though it was, and begin her work of discovery at once. And I do doubt whether she ever became again the simple-minded, straightforward woman which, up to that day, she had certainly been.

There were two possible results of the attempt she meditated making. She might succeed, or she might not succeed, in finding out Eva's parents. Did she succeed, why, surely Richard would recoil from the degrading connections then sure to stare him in the face. Did she fail—which, even in her newly sprung hope, she felt was very likely,—still something would be gained. Time would be gained. Richard's insanity might pass away as rapidly as it had come. The girl, or those Ballows who held her in their hands, might find a richer and readier prey. The course Mrs. Ferrier had chalked for herself might not be quite generous, or quite sincere; but it was out of the question, she thought, to apply any common rule to a difficulty so monstrous and unheard of. This horrible marriage must never take place. To do so great a right, it was well even to do a little wrong. Perhaps poor Richard would be made unhappy. But he would get over it, and he would *not* get over the fearful degradation into which his intended marriage would plunge him. And as for the girl herself, why—allowing that she really loved him—she would be very wretched in the thought of having worked his disgrace, and the separation would be better for *her*. If swayed not by love, but by interest, why, then the mortification of a failure was a punishment only too light for her. Settling this purpose in her mind, Mrs. Ferrier at last got to sleep. The light of morning—June's first morning—was almost fully come before her temples took any rest. Notwithstanding, she was not behindhand when it came to the customary hour of her rising. She was down in the parlour before Richard was. However, he followed her in a few minutes.

"And how, my dearest boy, did you sleep last night?" were almost her first words to him.

"Sleep? Oh, very well, as I almost always do."

His mother was glad, and also the least bit angry. What had kept *her* tossing and tumbling half the night, and would probably (end how it might) cut off a few years from her life,—all that appeared to weigh on him with not so much as the lightness of a feather! However, steadfast in her re-

solve to circumvent, not to oppose him, she gave no hint of her vexation in words. In very truth, Master Richard did take the matter very easily. Suffering under the double evil of rejection from Eva, and opposition from his mother, he ought to have been a great deal more more miserable than he was. But he felt sure that Eva's high-minded delicacy would soon give way before his urgency. And I am not at all sure that he was presumptuous in thinking so. His mother's objections would vanish away, if not before, at least when Eva became known to her. So he reciprocated his mother's question, and asked her whether she had had a good night herself. She would have liked to tell him that she had had such a night as it had pleased him to give her. But it would not have suited the rôle intended by her.

"Thank you, my dear boy; I slept pretty well, not very well. However, we had better have breakfast at once. In about an hour it'll be time to be starting for church."

And then they sat down at the table.

"Richard dear," began his mother, "I've been thinking a good deal, as you may suppose, of what you were telling me last night. I am afraid I was a little warm in what I said. It took me so by surprise, you see. You must forgive your poor old mother; you know how simple she is. Well, I hope and trust, and believe, indeed, that you've made a choice which will bring you every happiness."

"Don't fear it, mamma. You know, as to money, that I've quite enough. I shall be a great deal more saving, when I marry, than I ever have been as a bachelor. Mrs. Ballow says she never knew a girl with so much idea of management as Eva. And she has a thousand thousand lovelier gifts. We shall be in want of nothing—nothing, at least, but the blessing of the best and kindest mother—to make us the happiest couple in the world."

Mrs. Ferrier left unspoken the thoughts which at that moment passed through her. They ran thus:—

"Aha, Master Richard, I can tell you (not that I shall tell you) that 'the best and dearest mother' will just spend her utmost sixpence, and send you her blessing from out of the Union, rather than see you accomplish your insane purpose!" Yet have we any right to call this lady deceitful? There was no deceit in her heart. Her affection was the most real thing possible; and she did great violence to herself in dissembling as she now did.

"Well, dear" (these were her words) — "well, your happiness is all I care for; and if young people are to be made happy, it must be in their own way; I know it must. Really, there was something very noble in her hesitating to accept you, from the idea that it was not quite suitable for you. That was a very proper pride, I must say."

"I'm sorry, mother, that I can't quite say 'was' to it. She persists in her noble-minded refusal still. But she will abandon it, I am confident. She maintains it on my account. On my account she will relinquish it."

"I think she will. Now, do you know, my dear Richard, I have been taking a peep at your poor dear uncle's manuscript. I told you I had a copy of it. I got it from Mr. Ballow several years ago, just after your uncle's death. I have been looking at it a little, and really, upon my word, your uncle does seem to have thought that Miss March might turn out a lady—a lady by birth, you know. I declare, I—I begin to think him in the right."

"And when you see her, you will feel sure of it."

"No doubt; and then her dislike to enter a family that might look down upon her, that does seem to argue good birth of itself. You'll think me a silly woman for saying so, my dear Richard, but the idea has got into my mind that we shall have a discovery, and that you'll have the pleasure of telling that you hope *her* family will not disdain *you*."

"Mother, I'm rejoiced to hear you talk in that way, because it shows that you've got over your objections. I dare say your matter-of-fact people would tell us that we are great fools; but I am convinced that Eva would have no cause to be ashamed of her parents if we knew all."

"Yes, to be sure; but do you remember that your uncle thought afterwards he had not done enough to find the matter out? How I wish we could find it out! I'd try myself, only I know you'd laugh at me so for it. And perhaps it would be rather ridiculous *my* attempting it."

Richard laughed as it was

"Attempt it by all means, mamma; and find out something if you can."

"Then I declare I will. I know it can't do harm; for your intentions will remain the same, whatever comes of it. Of that I'm well aware. But for *you* to be making inquiries would not look so well, you see. It would not look disinterested."

"But, mother, I would not have you suppose that anything you could possibly discover would affect my intentions."

"Oh no, my dear Richard; of course not."

I understand that. But what a pleasure for her to find herself equal in birth to yourself!"

"Well, mamma, try your hand at finding it out, if you choose. If you can make anything out, you'll be clever — after all these years. Only it's funny to think of you turning detective at your time of life."

It was very funny; a great deal too funny for any reasonable man to apprehend any serious results from it. It was very funny, as everybody thought, when it was first known that the present Emperor of the French aspired to supreme dominion in France. Richard was amused with his mother's new fancy. How changeable women were — *one* woman being always accepted, of course! A few hours ago, his parent was imploring him to wash his hands, at once and utterly, of Miss March. Now she was crazy with curiosity to know the true parentage of that very young lady. Well, the latter whim was at once more amiable and more reasonable than the former. It would pass away in its turn. Mrs. Ferrier would fuss herself for a few days — weeks, perhaps. There would be good deal of letter-writing to friends, a few sly advertisements — very nicely adapted to put those on their guard who shared the secret, and very likely, not a little money paid away to sharp-witted impostors. And then the affair would be given up, and Eva accepted on her own merits. So Richard heeded his mother's new fancy too little to object to it. And they had not much more talk about the matter — for the present.

That day was Sunday, and Mrs. Ferrier would commence no active steps until the morrow; though I fear it occupied her mind quite as fully as if the day had been Monday.

Her first proceeding the next morning was to take out her copy of Mr. Ferrier's story, and read it with the closest attention. She had been inclined to think that the scene in Scarlington House had been, at least in part, the creation of a fevered brain. But the more attentive perusal she now gave the narrative convinced her that it was a fact. There was too much of minute description, and a too accurate notice of the *sequence* of events, to admit of any such interpretation.

She thought that her brother-in-law had been hasty in jumping at once to the belief he held, namely, that the infant he had rescued from Scarlington House, and the child found four years afterwards by Richard, were one and the same person. Still, if Richard inherited this delusion along with his uncle's other possessions, Mrs. Ferrier was very willing to make what use she could

of it. There appeared no possible way of tracing the origin of the little girl abandoned near Euston Square. There did appear some better chance of penetrating the yet darker secret of that March night in 1838. So Mrs. Ferrier determined to assume that the baby, so strangely rescued on that night, was the child who ultimately came again under the protection of Richard's uncle.

And, settling this in her mind, Mrs. Ferrier considered what course she ought next to take. Richard was likely to reside with her, off and on, for some time to come. But his visit would be broken by various journeys to relations and friends. In any case, his presence need not hinder her inquiries. And very quietly, and yet very diligently, she began to pursue them, one by one.

We mentioned, some time ago, that, in all the copies of Mr. Ferrier's manuscript, the names of persons, and of exact localities, were carefully omitted. This precaution Mr. Ballow felt due to the trust reposed in him, and to the possible interests of Eva. He had made no exception to his rule in the copy with which he had furnished Mrs. Ferrier. However, in view of her near kinship and cordial friendship with the writer of the original, Mr. Ballow had supplied Mrs. Ferrier with a key to persons and places, which left nothing untold that could be told. This key Mrs. Ferrier had been earnestly entreated not to show to any one out of her family. She had promised accordingly, and the promise had been fully observed by her. She now bent all her wits to the perusal of the MS., and eke of the private document that filled up the gaps in it.

She took note of the names associated with Scarlington House in 1838.

Lady Anne Somerby and the elderly servant were both dead. The three inmates besides were Mrs. Campion, a man-servant, and that, "Charlotte" whose very appearance, in Mr. Ferrier's eyes, had absolved her from any personal share in the guilty secret. Yet Mrs. Ferrier now thought that she should like, above all things, to have an interview with the same Charlotte. Indeed, there appeared to be no alternative. Passing over Charlotte, she must choose between Mrs. Campion and the footman. There could be no hope from Mrs. Campion herself. If she had ever had any secret to keep, she would as surely keep it now as she had done eighteen years ago. The matter involved a subject which it would be very difficult for a lady to discuss with any man.

Moreover, she had some inkling of a clue

by which she might discover this now important Charlotte. Some two or three years ago she had lent the MS. to a friend in London, at that friend's particular desire. The latter person had returned it, with some commonplace observations on the singular story, and the further remark that she, Mrs. —, had once had a servant somewhat resembling the young woman who had attracted so much notice from Mr. Ferrier, and who came, moreover, from a suburban house much resembling the scene of the strange adventure. Not feeling any deep interest in the mystery at that time, and, indeed, somewhat sceptical as to its reality, Mrs. Ferrier felt no curiosity to ascertain if the coincidence were an actual one. But now things were altered indeed with her. On the minutest matter connected with the secret might be depending her every hope of happiness. So she wrote at once to Mrs. — to ask her to tell the name of that servant, who, it was just possible, might be the Charlotte Johnson of Scarlington House. The answer was quick in coming; and it was ample and satisfying.

"Charlotte Johnson" was the name, or rather, had been the name. Its bearer had been married, for several years, to a workman of Birmingham, named Walsh. The lady could not tell the name of the house in which Charlotte had served when at Fulham — for at Fulham she knew it was. She could tell where Mrs. Walsh was now to be found; for Mrs. — occasionally received letters from her, begging pecuniary assistance. It seems that the said Charlotte had left a good place, where she had everything she could possibly want, for a home where she was but too likely to want every possible thing; and with many comments on the folly of servants did Mrs. — fill up her letter to Mrs. Ferrier.

We have suppressed the name of Mrs. Ferrier's correspondent that we may more freely remark upon her sentiments. They are common to thousands of other ladies. They assume that, among the servant-class, a well-filled stomach should be accepted as the thing for which all other joys are worthily cast aside. But will it be a good day — it has never dawned upon us yet — will it be a good day for the rich, when the poor take us, in this matter, at our word? When they shall receive the great truth, that meat is more than life, and raiment more than the body; will they look more favourably than at this time upon the great contrasts between the dinners which cover the mahogany and those which cover the deal? Mrs. — would have no "fol-

lowers," — an edict which drives away the better order of followers, and — "for they will do it" — leaves only a choice amongst the worse. Nature, forbidden to enter honestly at the door, skulks in at the windows like a thief. But we fear we were never born to set the world right.

Mrs. Ferrier determined that she would go to Birmingham the very next day, seek out the late Charlotte Johnson, and see what she had to tell. Her poverty would make her very accessible to offers of money, and money Mrs. Ferrier was very ready to give.

It was now Thursday, the fifth of June, and our friend was resolved that there should be no unnecessary delay on her part. She knew not what a day might bring forth. Any day she might have Richard coming in to announce that Miss March's scruples had given way, and that the day for completing his happiness and hers was fixed beyond recall. She could not, she felt, be too quick in the pursuit.

"Richard dear," she said that day after dinner, "I wonder if you would mind taking me to Birmingham to-morrow; I want a few things that I can't get so well here, and I should like to see one or two of the manufactures there. It might even be a treat to you. Will you go?"

Mrs. Ferrier, considering her real purpose in the visit, would have preferred going by herself; only such a proceeding would have attracted too much suspicion from her son. She intended that he should know nothing of her inquiries until she could place before him the startling results of them. She was becoming very deceitful in her ways. But lives there the lady who would scruple at deceit, when fearing to be made the grandmother of children, whose other grandmother might be — might be an — I don't know what?

Richard, ever anxious to please his mother, and the rather now, inasmuch as, on one great question, he felt compelled to displease her — Richard at once put himself at his mamma's service for the following day. And so to Birmingham, by an early train, they departed on the Friday. When they arrived there, —

"Now my dear Richard," said Mrs. Ferrier, "I shall not be so ungrateful to you as to insist on dragging you after me all the morning, while I go shopping. I know there are one or two places you would like to go to yourself. We'll meet at the Queen's Hotel, and have some luncheon, and then you shall take me out, if you will."

And so, for an hour or two, they parted.

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Birmingham was sure to contain some matters of interest to a soldier just returned from a campaign. Richard spent his morning in company with a captain whom he had known in the Crimea. This captain had a strong inventive bias, and he had come to Birmingham to perfect his two most recent ideas—a bayonet which would kill at the slightest prick, and a contrivance for the safe conveyance of the wounded.

Mrs. Ferrier hurried away into Broom Street, where Mrs. Walsh abode. On her knocking at the door of No 17, it was opened to her by a pale, worn, anxious-looking woman. Surely not the Charlotte of Mr. Ferrier's secret acquaintance? But it was none other. Mrs. Ferrier's inquiries for Mrs. Walsh drew out the announcement that Mrs. Walsh was before her. She expressed a wish to enter, and was very quickly in the shabby little room.

"Mrs. Walsh," began the lady, "I have had a letter about you from my friend Mrs. —, with whom I think you lived as servant. I promised her that I would call and give you this—at least, I came to give you this." And Mrs. Ferrier laid down a couple of half-crowns.

"I'm sure, ma'am, I'm humbly obliged both to you and to Mrs. —, and I return you many thanks."

"You are very welcome, Mrs. Walsh; but if you are disposed I could put you in the way of getting a little more,—a great deal more. I understand that you're badly off."

"Yes, ma'am, indeed. Very often we don't know how to get a bit of bread from one day to another, I assure you, ma'am."

"Well, Mrs. Walsh, if you'll tell me something which I think you can tell me, I'll promise that, at all events while I live, you shall never be in want again. Perhaps you don't understand what I mean."

Mrs. Walsh looked more astonished than pleased, and still more puzzled than either. And with some acknowledgment of the lady's kind purposes, she said that she did not understand, but once in possession of her visitor's meaning, would be ready to perform her utmost.

"Did you not, Mrs. Walsh, at one time, before you went to my friend's house, live with Mrs. Campion, at Scarlington House, in Fulham?—a house with a garden behind it, and that garden opening into a lane?"

Mrs. Ferrier thus particularized the situation of the house, to show that she was not quite ignorant of the secrets of that

abode. She could not help thinking that the unknown mother of Eva was now sitting before her. The scene witnessed by her brother-in-law was, very likely, no more than one of a very common sort. It was just a case of vulgar profligacy, followed up by guilty concealment. A case essentially alike to those with which the papers are always teeming, only carried out with a little more contrivance, and by somewhat abler confederates.

Mrs. Ferrier was therefore disappointed when Charlotte, without betraying any fear whatever, acknowledged that she had passed a year or two of service at Scarlington House.

Her unembarrassed answer did not, however, shake the inquiring lady out of her belief.

The resolution which had sustained Charlotte eighteen years ago, at the time of her great adventure, might be always ready to guard her against betraying herself.

Mrs. Ferrier went on with her questions. "And I think, Mrs. Walsh, that you were at Mrs. Campion's in the month of March, 1838."

"Why, ma'am, I'm a bad hand at recollecting months and years. But let me see; was that the year, ma'am, in which the Queen was crowned? I was at Mrs. Campion's then, and had been there some time. And that was in June I remember."

"Yes, that was the year," said Mrs. Ferrier. She could speak without hesitation, for Mr. Ferrier had alluded to the coronation in his manuscript.

"Then, ma'am," said Mrs. Walsh, "then I must have been there at that time; in the March of that year, ma'am."

"If this is acting, it is very good acting," Mrs. Ferrier said within herself; for Charlotte's face expressed no manner of guilt or fear, only that kind of wonder which questions so strangely minute might be expected to excite.

"But, bless me," the lady then thought, "bless me, I see very little of the world, and perhaps have no idea of the perfection to which deceit may be carried. Now that so much depends on me, I'll not be fooled by mere innocent looks. I'll give my lady another hint, and a broader one." Then she spoke out again:—

"You'll be wondering why I ask these questions, Mrs. Walsh. I'll tell you—at least, I'll partly tell you. The fact is," and Mrs. Ferrier watched narrowly the face before her, "the fact is, that a friend of mine—indeed, a near relative of mine, had once a very curious adventure in Scarling-

ton House, and it happened in that March of 1838, when, as you say, you must have been living there. He—it's a very curious story indeed, Mrs. Walsh—he was overtaken one evening, just as it was getting dark, by a shower of rain. He was walking along that lane into which the garden of Scarlington House opened,—you very well remember it, I dare say. Well, he just stepped into the garden for shelter, and stood under the trees. When the rain was over, he actually found the garden door locked from outside. Very odd, Mrs. Walsh, was it not? So there was nothing for him but to walk up to the house. When he got there, he found a window open, by which he could get into one of the rooms. Don't you remember that room with the black marble statue in it? And so he just stepped in, of course only meaning to explain what had happened, and ask to be let out of the house. However, nobody came into the room, and he waited and waited, and (as he was very tired indeed) he actually fell asleep on the sofa, and remained there—oh, a great many hours, in fact, *up to the middle of the night*, Mrs. Walsh."

"Really, ma'am? And to think of my getting to know it after all these years! Then when I came into the room he was asleep. I must have seen him; and I'm sure I *did* see him."

Mrs. Ferrier started with pleasure as the other woman had started with surprise. "I have her now," the lady thought; "she has put her foot into it now, and no mistake. She confesses to having seen a strange man in the room, while she evidently kept the matter to herself. What prompted her to such strange secrecy? Why, some very powerful motive that she must have had for keeping out of sight and out of notice that evening."

"You *did* see him, Mrs. Walsh?" the questioner went on, her tone expressing that triumph which the recent advantage might justify; "and yet you never told any one?"

Charlotte's reply was given in a manner that implied no consciousness of having betrayed herself.

"Well, ma'am, it was careless of me, I must own. I'm sure I hope the gentleman got no harm on account of it. But I really thought, ma'am—it was getting dark, and there was a large screen in the room—I thought it was the doctor, the doctor who attended her ladyship—the Lady Anne Somerby. She was my missus's aunt, and lived with her in the house, I must tell you, ma'am."

"Yes, Mrs. Walsh, I am quite aware of

that; I know more about the house than you may be quite aware of." It was very irritating to feel that, but just now on the brink of a discovery, she had her steps to trace again. And irritation was in Mrs. Ferrier's tone. "And I know," she went on, "I know enough, Mrs. Walsh, to understand why you hesitate to tell me all. It would be to your advantage if you did, however; I assure you it would."

"Oh, indeed, ma'am, there's nothing I'm keeping back from you—indeed there isn't. You see it's a long while ago, ma'am, and and I mayn't quite remember everything; but I'll try and think of all I can."

The innocent manner of this woman convinced Mrs. Ferrier (unwelcome conviction though it were) that she was not acting any part, but speaking in perfect good faith.

"Well, Mrs. Walsh," she presently said, "of course I don't doubt your word for a moment; but you must agree with me that it's really a very strange thing."

"Very, ma'am; but I do assure you again and again that I thought it was the doctor I saw. We had doctors in the house so often, that they really made themselves quite at home there. Once or twice I've known them to carry the key with them, so that they could get at the wine. It used to make Mrs. Parker—she was the upper servant, you must know, ma'am—it used to make her very cross indeed, to see the way they went on; and that's why I never told her when I saw the gentleman on the sofa that evening. I hope he took no harm in any way, ma'am."

"No, no harm at all." And Mrs. Ferrier's would have liked to add, "But the affair is likely, after all, to do a great deal of harm to others." Then she made one more desperate appeal to Mrs. Walsh's recollections. "And can you tell me nothing more which happened on that night—that same night, you know? Do, if you can. I'll give you any reasonable reward you can ask, and your words shall never—never be used against you."

"Thank you all the same, ma'am, for your kindness; but there's nothing more I can tell you, or else I would, and welcome. If it wouldn't be too great a liberty, might I ask you just one question, ma'am?"

"Certainly, Mrs. Walsh, certainly;" and the lady grew hopeful again.

"Well, ma'am, I do hope and trust you'll not think it rude in me to say so: it's far from my meaning to be so, I assure you. But are you quite sure that there isn't some mistake?—I mean about this gentleman's having stayed in the house a great part of the night?"

He couldn't have gone out unless somebody in the house knew of it; because, you see, ma'am, though he might unfasten the door or the window, he couldn't fasten them again behind him. And I know they were shut all right in the morning; for it was my duty, you see, to open them, — not that I particularly remember that morning, but I should have remembered if I found them otherways any morning. Do you know, ma'am, I really think somebody must have misled you. You won't be angry with me for saying so?"

"No, Mrs. Walsh, it would be very foolish in me to be angry. What you say is very sensibly put. Still, I do assure you, it's a true story. That parlour was as I described it, was it not?"

"Yes, ma'am, exactly so."

"Well, I never was inside the house myself. I only know it by that gentleman's description of it; and he never saw it at any other time. Now you see this, Mrs. Walsh: if he left the house in the night, and he did get out of it by the window, somebody inside must have closed the shutters after him — somebody who had reasons for not saying a word about it. Now who could that be?"

"Why, that I never can tell, ma'am. There was but Mrs. Parker and John, besides myself."

"John is not your present husband, is he?" inquired Mrs. Ferrier.

"Oh no, ma'am, no," said Charlotte, in a tone implying that it might have been better if he had been. "But I'm sure, if anything of the kind had been known to him, he'd have let us know, and so would Mrs. Parker. She had a temper of her own, but she was as honest a woman, and as faithful to her mistress, as a woman could be, that I must say."

Mrs. Ferrier was now thoroughly satisfied that in the mystery of Scarlington House Mrs. Walsh had no personal share.

There was one piece of information to be gained still.

"Did you say, Mrs. Walsh, that you had a doctor in the house at that time? Who was he?"

"Well really, ma'am, I couldn't say which of them we might be having that day. We were always having them — first one and then another."

"What! to attend upon Mrs. Campion?"

"Oh no, ma'am, not upon my mistress herself; upon her ladyship — Lady Anne Somerby. She had a great fancy for trying one doctor after another, and would have them in and out of the house at all times and, as I told you, ma'am, encouraged

them to make themselves quite at home. Only she was always having new doctors, and saying that the old ones had never done her any good. When she went to live at Brighton, I hear, she fell upon the right doctor at last — one who would have certainly cured her, only, poor lady! she died a little too soon for it."

"Well, Mrs. Walsh, pray tell me, if you possibly can, *what* doctor was in the house that evening — that evening of which we have been speaking."

"Why, ma'am, I'm very sorry to disappoint you, but really and indeed I can't be sure. It was one out of four or five whom I could name; but if I gave you any one name, ma'am, I might be telling you false."

"Well, well, tell me the names one by one." And Mrs. Ferrier took out her tablets and pencil, and prepared to write them down.

The bewildered Charlotte made sundry probes into her memory, like one spearing for salmon, and brought up each time one of the deceased Lady Anne's doctors.

"There was Doctor Starver, ma'am."

Mrs. Ferrier wrote down the name. She thought she could obtain the address in another way. Eighteen years might have brought many changes of abode — might have removed more than one of the doctors to that region where is no knowledge or device, whether to heal or to destroy.

Charlotte proceeded to fish up the doctors of that bygone time.

"Doctor Stuffington, ma'am. He came after Doctor Starver, and his way of doctoring was very different, I've heard say. — Then, ma'am, I can remember Doctor Waxworth — Doctor Progg — and, let me see — oh, Dr. Lacy. It must have been one of those, ma'am, who was in the house that night; but I'm sorry to say, ma'am, I couldn't correctly say which."

"Very well, Mrs. Walsh, thank you for what you have told me. I'm satisfied that you've spoken the truth. Here is a small present for you — two pounds. You are quite welcome to it. And if you ever see your way to finding out anything more, you may be sure of my readiness to reward you. I'll leave you my address. Can you write?"

"Yes, ma'am, a little."

"Very well. I don't know that you can help me any further now. But stay. Do you remember, just about the time that I've been talking of, hearing of a poor baby being found near Hammersmith?"

"A baby? Yes, ma'am, to be sure I do. My mistress heard of it, and took a great fancy to know all about it, and sent John to

make inquiry as to the child; and so I remember it all very well."

"Your mistress had no child of her own, I think?"

"Not at that time, ma'am. She had a little girl after I was gone away. I hear it took every one who knew her by surprise—that is, nobody had been told it was likely. I saw the little girl once. She looked wonderfully grown for a child of only a few months, as she was."

Mrs. Ferrier did not stay to compare her several morsels of information. They would keep in her memory, and could be brought out at a more fitting season. So she took farewell of the wondering but grateful Charlotte, and walked away towards the Queen's Hotel.

On her walk thither she stepped into a shop, and made some small purchase; and when Richard rejoined her, she held it up very naturally and innocently as the result of the whole morning.

"See what a naughty, idle mamma you've got, my dear boy; looking over half the shops in Birmingham, and letting the time run away, I don't know how. Well, now let us have some luncheon; I'm dreadfully hungry, I declare."

They had their luncheon, and then went out to see some of the spectacles of Birmingham. In the evening they returned to Leamington, and Mrs. Ferrier was free to take a further step towards the great discovery.

UNDER THE SEA! UNDER THE SEA!

DEAR PUNCH,

I AM delighted to see that notion of HAWKSHAW'S (I recollect him—*Hawkshaw*, the detective in the *Ticket-of-Leave Man*), about tunnelling the Channel. How delicious! Let the advertisements be got ready at once!

"NO MORE SEA-SICKNESS!"

It's only seventeen miles across: a pleasant drive. I sincerely hope that when the matter is being gone into, no expense will be spared to render the journey pleasant. Let trees be planted all along the sides: let there be rides, drives, and walks, with one Grand Hotel in the middle, and plenty of little Inns on the road. The whole thing might be conveniently done *under glass*, so that the passengers would be as fish in an aquarium, with the advantage of seeing the wonders of the deep outside. If trees wouldn't flourish here, at all events rock-work, covered with various sea-weeds, would have a good effect; and, under glass, plenty of birds would pick up a happy livelihood. Fresh-water lakes could be artfully introduced, with ducks, swans, and geese, and I do not see what is to prevent us having game-preserves, with excellent shooting. Success to HAWKSHAW!

No more anguish over the gunwale,
'Cos we will travel by the tunnel!

I hope that his "boring" will be satisfactory. Whatever the trouble, this great bore under the sea is calculated to remove the still greater bore of going over it. Yours anxiously,

NAVIGANS IN SICCO.

Coddle Cottage, Homeborough.

P.S. I append a little triumphal chaunt of my own:—

AIR—"Over the Sea."

Over the sea! Over the sea!
I'll bid farewell to all my miseriee!
Under the sea dry land there'll be
From Folk'stone right to Boulong.
There we'll march, march, march,
Or drive, if one crosses
With carriage and horses
'Neath arch, arch, arch,
Which'll cover the way all along.
(Sustained note)—ong—(next note)—ong.
(With effusion.) Over the sea! Over the sea!
Farewell to all that's "all over with me!"
HAWKSHAW, for me walk-shore 'twill be!
Vive the new Bore de Boulong!

—Punch.

BIG GAMBLERS v. LITTLE ONES.

(One of the first effects of the war has been to shut up all the gaming tables in the small German States.)

BADEN and Ems are desolate,
There's grass 'twixt Homburg's stones :
Wiesbaden o'er deserted halls
And vacant tables moans.
No more within the numbered ring,
The fateful ball spins round ;
No more the croupier's "*faites vos jeux*,"
"*Le jeu est fait*," resound !

"*Rien ne va plus* !" The bank is broke,
Never to ope again,
For winners' gains that losses cloak,
Or losers' desperate strain.
No more the rakes the scattered stakes,
Sweep in with watchful claw ;
Le jeu est fait ! The game is up,
The players may withdraw.

Far greater gamblers, vaster stakes,
Place at the table claim ;
With armed hosts for croupier-rakes,
Ruin or Rule, for game.
When Prussia, Austria, Italy,
For Empire spin the ball ;
No wonder Homburg, Wiesbaden,
And Ems go to the wall !

Clear out, ye pretty punting knaves,
Now monarchs take your room !
Rouge gagne — ten thousand soldier-slaves,
At each deal meet their doom.
See *Couleur perd* — both gold and black ;
And red and white, and green,
Yet *Couleur gagne* — French tricolor —
Whose backer stakes unseen !
— *Punch*, 14th July.

TABULA RASA.

Now clear the board from trace of fight,
Sponge up the bloody battle-stains,
Hustle the wounded out of sight,
Hide mangled limbs and scattered brains ;
With new green cloth the table crown,
Set the *fauteuils* in order due,
Take the old map of Europe down,
Bring rule and compass for the new.

Three weeks ! and lo, the wonder's wrought ! —
A great war closed ere well begun :
A twelve days' battle bravely fought,
And half a century's work undone.
No hand of his set to the task,
The EMPEROR's will to act is borne,
"The treaties of fifteen ?" we ask,
And staggered Europe answers, "Torn !"

Oh, irony of mocking fate !
The doomsters fallen from their stools :

The doomed, set high in peaceful state,
To mete the doomsters' realms and rules.
The nephew, wide of grasp as e'er
The awful uncle was of old,
But wise the velvet glove to wear,
Which masks, not mars, the iron hold.

They meted Europe, king to king,
By kings' not Heaven's nor nations' will :
And now o'er-mastering forces bring
The first to nought, the last fulfil.
And if a BISMARCK seems to gain,
Or a NAPOLEON to o'er-rule,
God's Providence of BISMARCK's brain,
Or LOUIS' craft, can make its tool.

— *Punch*, 14th July.

PICKING UP THE PIECES.

Une Idée Napoléonienne.

WE'VE had the crash, we've seen the smash,
Smoke clears away, and cannon ceases ;
Our fighting friends have been so rash —
They'll want me to pick up the pieces !

How very thankful they should be,
There's one whom hate of war releases
From Europe's jara, and leaves him free,
When they're smashed, to pick up the pieces.

"Blessed the peace-makers" — no doubt !
War's wrinkled front is full of creases :
I'll use one hand to smooth 'em out,
The other, "to pick up the pieces."

France folds her hands, by war's red cloud
Unshadowed, yet her realm increases :
It is because I'm not too proud,
In smashes, "to pick up the pieces."

Yes, "*L'Empire c'est la paix* !" Just look
How battle bleeds, and fighting fleeces.
What war e'er brought so much to book,
As peace, if one "picks up the pieces ?"

Things will go smash, fools WILL make strife,
They get the shells, when the suit ceases :
The oyster is his lot in life,
Who stands by "to pick up the pieces."

Give me but kings enough, *à bourse*
Whose *hausse* et *baïsse* my high police is :
And Europe's free, *de l'aigle à l'ours*,
To fight, while I "pick up the pieces !"

Non-intervention is the game —
Save with your Mexicos and Greeces —
Don't intervene to avert the flame :
Intervene to "pick up the pieces."

The contracts of fifteen are out :
Sixty-six will grant longer leases :
The deeds I'll draw, my will is law :
So now for "picking up the pieces."
— *Punch*, 14th July.

"TO LATE?"

"CRY Havoc and let slip the Dogs of War!"

But "*L'Empire c'est la paix!*" and France is fain

To fold her hands: let the mad nations jar;
It may be in the crash she'll find her gain.

"Your voice could stave off strife!" "My voice? alas,

Has it not still been raised all strife to stay?
Preacher of peace, betwixt arm'd hosts I pass,
But cannot lift arm'd hands—I can but pray."

Hark! "Havoc's" cried: the dogs of war are slipped;

Right at each other's throats, lo! they have flown!

Three mighty nations, in death-struggle gripped,
Sway, blind and bleeding, round a tottering throne.

Europe stands dumb in awe-stricken amaze,

While time and space-annihilating wires
Flash empires' rise or downfall in a phrase,
Till hours to us are as years to our sires.

The *mêlée* slackens, the war-reek blows clear,
And, lo, emerging from the waves of fight,
A mightier Prussia, of prouder cheer,
And statelier stride, and more majestic height.

Blind, battered, blood-drained, beaten to the knee,

Sore-stricken Austria before her reels;
But e'en in this, her hour of agony,
A Pardian blow at Italy she deals.

After one stroke struck manfully and fair
Between her brows, upon Custozza's plain,
Calling in show of scorn to mask despair,
She cedes to France what she can not retain.

"The time is come: the game is at the best.
Is not this war a tournament for me?
And I king of the lists, to speak my hest,
Throw down my warder, bid the knights let
be?"

The word is spoke, the warder is thrown down,
And baffled Austria is content to hear:
But how of Prussia? Will she veil the crown
She's won so well—so long has looked to wear?

And Italy—e'en as she sights the goal
Of a life's hope, how will she stoop thus low,
To see Venetia, like a beggar's dole,
Or Kaiser's appanage, tossed to and fro?

That fair Venetia, for whom her gold,
Her youth, her strength, her blood, were price
too small,

By desperate Austria, to buy safety, sold
To France, as lord of old might sell a thrall!

Will Italy deign *thus* to round her crown?
Lower her lance's point, and rein her steed,
Before the Imperial warder, thus thrown down,
A second time, in Austria's hour of need?

Who knows? 'Tis easier to avert the fight
Than stop it, even for Imperial power:
War is God's scourge: once raised, it must
alight:

It's staying waits Heaven's, not the EMPER-
OR's hour!

—Punch 21st July.

THE NEEDLE-GUN.

TUNE—"The Dog's Meat Man."

SHARP shoots the Prussian Rifle, which
Has to be loaded at the breech;
Five times for each mouth-loader's one:
What a formidable weapon is the needle-gun!
Oh, that unerring needle-gun!
That death-dispensing needle-gun!
It does knock over men like fun.
What a formidable weapon is the nee-
dle-gun!

What it would do, some time ago,
We had sufficient cause to know;
When Danish states were foully won,
By the murderous advantage of the needle-gun.
Oh, that unerring, &c.

Invaded by a tyrant-thief,
Should we not likewise come to grief,
If equal arm our troops had none,
To encounter his battalions with the needle-
gun?
Oh, that unerring, &c.

Lo, when the thieves, in deadly fray,
Strove for possession of the prey,
What execution then was done
Upon Austria by Prussia with the needle-gun!
Oh, that unerring, &c.

Are we prepared, or are we not,
To give aggressors shot for shot?
Not all the skill at Wimbledon
Will avail without a match to meet the needle-
gun.
Oh, that unerring, &c.

—Punch.